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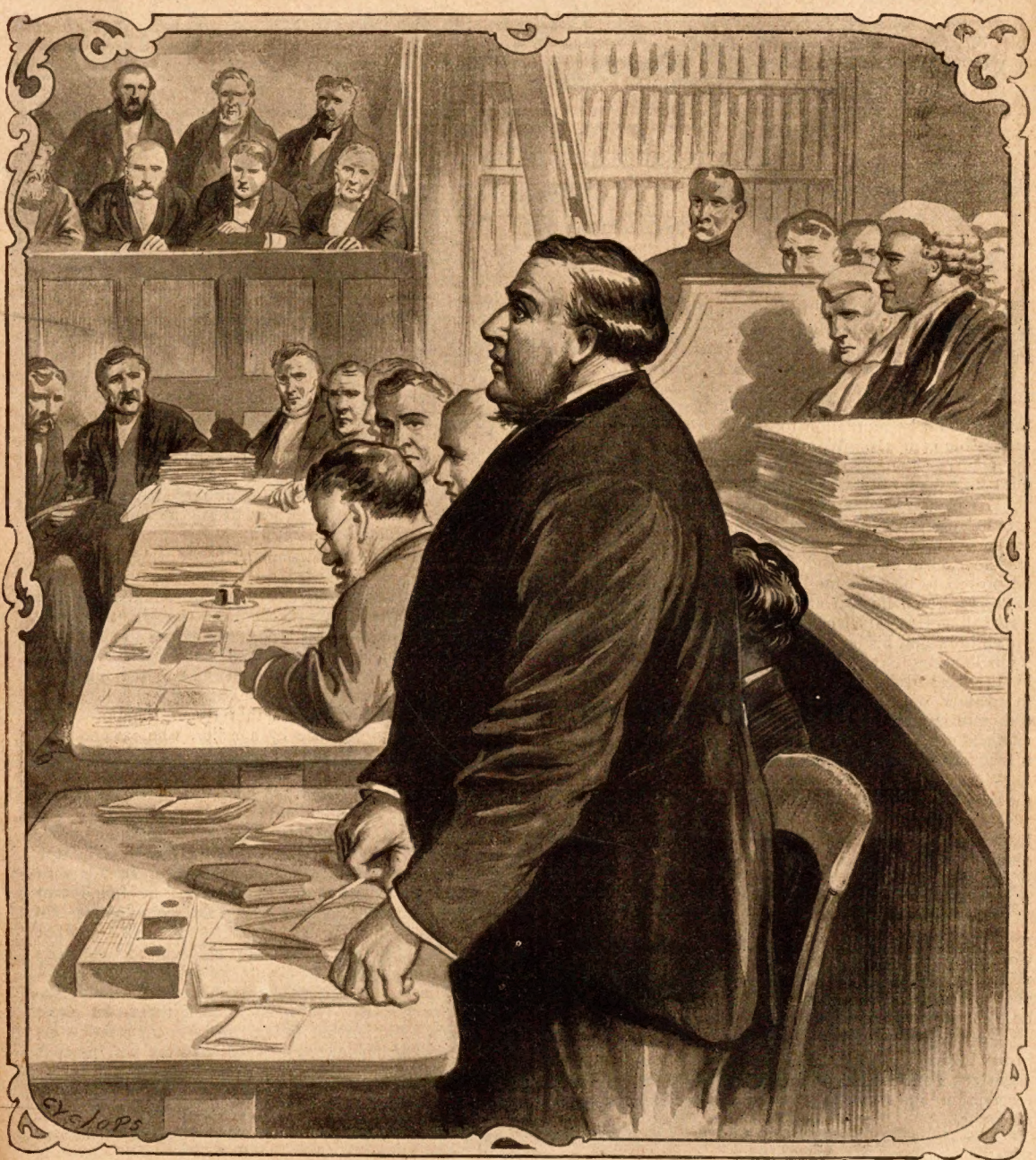


THE TICHBORNE CLAIMANT RECEIVING HIS SENTENCE.

Vol. VIII. No. 92.

The Tichborne Case.

Or the History of Arthur Orton, alias Thomas Castro, Claimant to the Estates and Baronetcy of Tichborne.

"Let me see now;
To get his place, and to plume up my will
In double knavery."

—SHAKESPEARE, "Othello," Act I., Sc. 3.

PART IV.

NOW we come to the part of the case to which it is utterly impossible to do justice. The Attorney-General addressed the jury daily from January 15 to February 21, and reviewed the entire case as we know it now, but in language so dignified, so convincing, that it would be mutilation to attempt to reduce it within reasonable compass. We can, therefore, only point out to our readers one or two matters which he cleared up, without taking his historic address in order.

His plan, as he explained it to the jury, had been to avoid giving The Claimant more information, through cross-examination, than he could help, and at the same time to lead him on to make preposterous statements which could be proved to be false and impossible by means of the materials which he had at hand. Then he spoke of the physical and moral change in The Claimant. He had grown in height, his bones had become of a different build, he had entirely lost all memory of the first sixteen years of his life, he had displayed ignorance so crass that one wondered how he had ever been able to imagine such an elaborate imposture; he had lost the feelings of a gentleman and of a member of the aristocracy, and had become a blackguard and the associate of blackguards.

What did the jury think of a man who, believing that all the time he had been away from home his income of £1,000 a year was accumulating at his bankers, begged for petty loans from Gibbes, and executed an imaginary will to obtain sufficient money to come home, when he must have known that he had only to write a cheque on Messrs. Glynn and the necessary money would be forthcoming?

Then, when he did get home, what was his first act, setting aside the visit to Wapping to make inquiries about the Orton family? Did he go to see his mother who had waited for him for so long? No; he disguises himself and goes to Tichborne to find out a little about the place which he wishes to obtain possession of by fraud.

Does he ever meet any of the family freely? No; he invariably had a solicitor with him, notebook in hand, to take down any chance word which might be twisted to imply recognition, and those chance words he embodies in false affidavits.

After dealing with what he imagined the real Roger to have been when he left England, so as to impress the jury with the changes he had just mentioned, the Attorney-General told them the inception of the Australian claim, of the difficulties in which Castro found himself, and pointed out to them that the first overt act of the pretender was to write in the name of Richardson to find out if the coast was clear down at Wapping. Why should he write to know what Arthur Orton was doing if, as he himself stated, Orton was in Wagga Wagga with him?

Then there was a valuable note-book which he should put in in evidence, which proved conclusively the way in which he picked up his information while in Australia, and which contained memoranda of dates which he intended to make use of at a later stage. He did not believe for a moment that The Claimant ever thought that there would be a law suit about the property, for his last act before he left Australia was to buy a hotel, to which he doubtless intended to return.

After this, Sir John commenced to deal with the witnesses. Some, he admitted, were people of honour who had been imposed upon, and whom it would always be most difficult to convince; others, he thought, were conscious conspirators—or, at least, tacit parties to the fraud. Having briefly dealt with the witnesses in the categories in which he grouped them, he adverted to the plaintiff's statement that he had never been tattooed in his life. He had ample evidence to prove that Roger Tichborne had been tattooed twice; once by a sailor, who fastened the emblems of Faith, Hope, and Charity on his arm, and the second time by Lord Bellew, who had been at Stonyhurst with Roger, and who had made the straggling letters which the village doctor derided.

Now, what about the Melipilla sojourn? asked counsel. The Claimant originally stated that he was there in the winter, and in three weeks had made firm friends with sixteen or twenty persons. Later, when he found that Roger had made the journey from Santiago to Valparaiso in one night, he had changed the time of his visit and put it earlier. The letters and diaries of Roger Tichborne do not contain a single word about Melipilla, and the dates at which he was at various places make it absolutely impossible for him to have spent a week there—let alone three weeks. But Arthur Orton had been for a long time in the little Chilian town, and knew well the very persons whom the Commission had interrogated.

When first The Claimant embarked on his pursuit of the Tichborne Estates, he had given to Mr. Gibbes, of Wagga Wagga, the name of the ship which saved him as the "Jessie Miller"; subsequently, the vessel became the English "Osprey," then the English "Themis," and lastly the American "Osprey." Again, the names of sailors who were on board the "Bella," as given by The Claimant,

were never on that ship, but they were members of the "Jessie Miller" and the "Middleton," on both of which ships Arthur Orton had sailed.

The Australian career of Arthur Orton next claimed the jury's attention. It was evident that Roger Tichborne could not have arrived in Australia before 1854, and therefore, if a single witness could swear that The Claimant was in Tasmania or Australia before that date, it was clear that the case was at an end. Now, he had evidence, taken before the Australian Commission, which stated that a man exactly the counterpart of the photographs of The Claimant had been known as Arthur Orton in Hobart Town as early as 1853.

This was followed by comparisons of the writing of Roger Tichborne, Orton, and The Claimant, and the Attorney-General contended that the writing of the last two was identical.

His last thunderbolt was the sealed packet and the disgraceful charge which had been levelled against Mrs. Radcliffe. He would put her in the box, with ample witnesses, to substantiate every word she said, and the jury would learn what was the true nature of the document given to Gosford, and would hear her innocence of undue familiarity with her cousin amply established. In conclusion, he begged the jury to weigh the evidence carefully, and he felt assured that they could only come to the conclusion which he held—namely, that The Claimant was not Roger Tichborne but was Arthur Orton. Thus he ended the longest address ever made to an English jury, and one which amply justified his recent elevation to the Attorney-Generalship.

As a result of the counsel's address, many of The Claimant's witnesses wrote to Messrs. Baxter, Rose, and Norton, requesting that their evidence might be withdrawn, and in the firm itself there was a split. Mr. Rose, one of the principal partners in the firm, retired from his colleagues, together with his son, as he felt that it was impossible for him to continue to act for the plaintiff. This it was which brought about the celebrated lines which appeared in "Punch":

> "The firm of Baxter, Rose and Norton,
> Deny The Claimant's Arthur Orton;
> But can't deny, what's more important,
> That Arthur did what Arthur oughtn't."

The first of the witnesses for the defendants was Lord Bellew, who had been at Stonyhurst with Roger Tichborne. He described how Roger had shown him the tattooing on his arm done by a sailor. It consisted of a cross, anchor, and heart. He was then asked by Roger to add his initials to it, and with some difficulty did so with a bundle of needles fastened in a stick and dipped into Indian ink. By way of reward for this operation Roger had tattooed an anchor on Lord Bellew's arm, and he showed the mark to the jury.

The two Mr. Seymours next gave evidence. Mr. Henry Danby Seymour absolutely contradicted The Claimant's account of their meeting, and said that he never recognised him, while his brother swore to the tattoo marks on Roger's arm. These two M.P.'s were followed by Mrs. Radcliffe,

THE POLICE OFFICERS CAME TO ARREST HIM.

who at last had her opportunity for clearing herself of the charge made against her. She gave the whole history of the friendship which had existed between herself and Roger, and declared that there was not a word of truth in the assertions of The Claimant. The presents which he said he had given to her were imaginary. She produced her copy of the Tichborne vow, and detailed the circumstances under which it was given to her. She clearly remembered the tattoo marks on her sweetheart's arm, as she had seen them when out boating. The most skilful cross-examination at the hands of Serjeant Ballantyne could not shake her evidence in the least, and she was positive that she had never seen the plaintiff until he came to England.

Her mother, Lady Doughty, corroborated every word she had uttered, and was as positive as she was that The Claimant was an impostor. These were the only really important witnesses which were heard, for to fill up a few short days a number of mere formal witnesses were put forward to swear to minor incidents, and on the 102nd day of the trial, March 5, while Abbé Salis was in the box, the foreman of the jury rose and said: "We have heard the evi-

dence concerning the tattoo marks, and, subject to your lordship's directions, and to the hearing of any further evidence that counsel may desire to place before them, the jury do not require further evidence."

Serjeant Ballantyne wanted to consult with his colleague, Mr. Giffard, who was away on circuit, and to enable him to do so an adjournment of two days was granted. On Wednesday, March 7, 1872, the serjeant asked the jury if they meant that they were satisfied solely on the existence of the tattoo marks, or if they had formed an opinion about the whole case. After retiring and consulting for half an hour, the foreman announced that they were satisfied with the whole case. Thereupon, Mr. Serjeant Ballantyne said that he elected to be non-suited.

The Lord Chief Justice then said: "I concur entirely with the course taken by the jury. In my opinion, The Claimant has been guilty of wilful and corrupt perjury, and there is reasonable ground for my directing him to be prosecuted for that offence. I therefore commit him to be detained in the Common Gaol at Newgate until the next session of the Central Criminal Court, when he shall stand his trial, unless he shall find bail to the amount of £10,000. The officers of the court will execute the warrant which I will sign. And there is one other subject to which I wish to refer. I think it right to express my entire belief in the evidence of Mrs. Radcliffe, not depending on her own testimony alone, but confirmed by testimony, letters, correspondence, and all other evidence in the case."

The Claimant was sitting in his room in Jermyn Street when the police officers came to arrest him. He cannot have been entirely unprepared for such a termination, as the insistence on the presence of the tattoo marks must have told him that his case was going badly, and if he were not proved to be Roger Tichborne he had committed enough perjury to warrant any number of judges committing him. Serjeant Ballantyne, however, was of the opinion that inasmuch as The Claimant had been "non-suited" and not formally repudiated by the jury, there was not sufficient direct proof to warrant the judge in ordering him into custody, and on this point lawyers differ to this day. On being informed that he was under arrest, the prisoner coolly remarked that it was a nuisance, as it would put him to no little inconvenience. Then he was driven off to Newgate, pending the arrival of bail.

There was not the least difficulty in getting the requisite amount of bail, and, had that been all that was required, Arthur Orton would have been back in his Jermyn Street quarters in a very short time; but the Treasury, who, of course, had to take up the case in the Criminal Court, had preferred another charge of forgery, in connection with the Tichborne bonds, and forgery is not bailable by right. At the April Sessions of the Central Criminal Court true Bills were found on both counts, and at once the Crown applied for the hearing to be removed to the Court of Queen's Bench, whither Serjeant Ballantyne immediately repaired, and petitioned for bail. It was pointed out that it was impossible for the trial to take place before November, as there would have to be time to bring witnesses from Australia and Melipilla, and that the prisoner should be able to hold free converse with his legal advisers. So bail was allowed in four securities of £1,250 each and personal security of £5,000, and on April 26 Arthur Orton was at liberty again.

While he was waiting for trial Arthur Orton had plenty to occupy him. He was heavily in debt; indeed, he commenced the action in the Common Pleas as an undischarged bankrupt, he owed a large sum to his lawyers, besides being liable for the taxed costs of his former opponents, which amounted to upwards of £40,000. Something desperate had to be done if he was to get sufficient money for his defence. His daily needs were supplied by friends, amongst whom Lord Rivers and Mr. Guildford Onslow were the most prominent; but these gentlemen could not guarantee sufficient to pay for lawyers and counsel and witnesses' expenses; recourse was therefore had to the public.

Strange as it may appear, the public had not lost all faith in The Claimant. They harped on the fact that his mother had recognised him, and in their eyes that was far more important than the findings of all the Law Courts in Great Britain. The fact that he had been proved a forger and a traducer of women counted as nothing in their sight, and they flocked to hear him lecture at the meetings which were got up to raise the "Tichborne Defence Fund." In the East End of London he was most popular, and was regarded by the proletariat as a man of the masses deprived of his just rights by the hated classes. At any rate, his meetings were a great success, and when the day of trial came he was represented by counsel and had been able to employ skilful lawyers to get up the briefs for them.

There was a good deal of delay in arranging for his trial, for when November came an order was received that Orton should be tried at the Bar before the Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, and two of the puisne judges. This put off the evil day once more, and it was not till April 23, 1873, that he was finally called upon to plead to the indictments.

Serjeant Ballantyne had been dismissed by The Claimant, who professed that he was dissatisfied with the serjeant's conduct of an application to permit the action regarding the Doughty inheritance to be heard at once. The brief was given to another well-known serjeant, Serjeant Sleigh, but just before the case was about to come on he died. In despair, Lord Rivers asked Dr. Kenealy to take the brief, and made himself responsible for the remuneration.

Dr. Kenealy was an Irishman who had had a good deal of success at the Bar, but he was one of the most excitable of men, and allowed his feelings to run away with him. He was undoubtedly an accomplished man, and was regarded by his fellow-barristers as a walking encyclopædia; but he was never popular, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he gained admission to his circuit mess. As his junior he had Mr. McMahon, an Irish M.P.

For the Crown, Mr. Henry Hawkins held the leading brief in place of the Attorney-General, and had with him Serjeant Parry, Mr. Matthew, and Mr. Barber, while Mr. Bowen again supplied all the facts to the leader. The judges selected to try the case were Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, Mr. Justice Mellor, and Mr. Justice Lush, both puisne judges of the Court of Queen's Bench.

The first feature of the trial was the indictment, which was an immense roll of parchment, many hundreds of feet in length, containing two main charges of perjury and thirty-three counts or assignments, the proof of any one of which was sufficient to establish the charge. Fearing that the case would be very lengthy, the Treasury had abandoned the charge of forgery, since, that charge being one of felony, the jury would not have been able to separate them during the trial.

The indictment having been read, Mr. Hawkins gave the jury a brief resumé of the Attorney-General's speech in the Court of Common Pleas, and told them that the two charges might be roughly divided into perjury while giving evidence at the civil trial and perjury in his affidavits. Then all the evidence which the prisoner had given in the Common Pleas was read over, and all his affidavits read and proved. This was followed by the examination of a list of two hundred and fifteen witnesses, who told exactly the same story as we have already heard and which, with the exception of one little incident, was very dull. The relieving point was this:

While Roger had been in the Carabineers, he had made friends with a Mr. Store Smith, a relation of one of the officers of that regiment. One of Roger's tricks was to catch a few flies and put them under an inverted tumbler, and then stupefy them with tobacco smoke. This was a standing joke between him and Smith, and when the

latter called on The Claimant he tried to recall the incident to Orton's mind by mentioning the word "flies." At first Orton declared that he did not remember anything about flies, but on being pressed as to what he used to do with the insects, said that he used to eat them!

The case for the prosecution was very strong, and it was not till July 22 that Dr. Kenealy was able to commence the defence, and for a month he addressed the jury daily. At the first blush it is obvious that the prisoner was at great disadvantage. He had two counsel who had only a few weeks to study their briefs, while his opponents had been dealing with the entire case for the previous six years; the briefs themselves were badly drawn, for the firm of Baxter and Norton were too expensive for him to employ; and, to make confusion worse, Kenealy had been given the briefs of the civil case to go by. Even then something might have been made of the defence if Kenealy had kept his head; but he did not, and started off by turning all the Court against his client by his absurd and cruel charges against witnesses for the prosecution.

The theory of the defence was laughable. The counsel gravely informed the Court that the prosecution was due to a family conspiracy backed up by the Government of the Empire and of Chili, and fostered by the Roman Catholics at home and abroad, and particularly by the Jesuits. Then Kenealy went on to describe the life at Stonyhurst as being rather worse than that of the brute beasts, and said that the prisoner had left that institution ruined physically and morally, and that the priests there made a point of degrading all the boys who came under their charge, and rendering them unfit to associate with decent folk. This moral perversion had told on Roger, who was a youth of the most vicious habits, and it was only when he had been in the army for some time that he fully realised his degradation. That made him very bitter against all his relations who had sent him to the living hell on earth, and he had left England intending to cut himself off from all who had ever known him. But for his brother's death he would never have returned.

The shock of the wreck of the "Bella" and the exposure in the boat had destroyed his memory and accounted for his reckless statements and for his lying even without a cause. But, persisted counsel, most of what he said was true in the main, and his story was really a strong one, but he had not had fair play when under cross-examination.

To uphold this theory it was absolutely necessary that Kenealy should blacken the characters of all the witnesses for the prosecution, and this he proceeded to do with no light hand. According to him, the ladies were liars and strumpets, and the men drunkards and perjurers. Only one person did not come under the doctor's ban, and that was the weak-minded and foolish old dowager whom he represented as a paragon of all the virtues. As a sample of Dr. Kenealy's oratory, perhaps we cannot do better than give his closing sentences when speaking about her:

"Oh, horrible, most horrible! Not content that she should be like one of Shakespeare's heroines:

> "'Done to death by slanderous tongues
> Is the ladye that here lies;
> Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
> Gives her fame that never dies:
> So the life that died with shame
> Lives in death with glorious fame.'

Not content, I say, with this, they have poisoned her even after death. Like vampires they have torn her in pieces in the grave. Nay, they have pierced and penetrated even beyond the Tichborne vault. Oh, as you are men, I pray you to resist them. Defeat these vile maligners and conspirators. Let the vituperation of the dead, of this noble, suffering, innocent lady fall in lightnings upon their own heads; and let him who seconds them in the attempt be ever infamous before men and accursed of God, now and for ever!"

The tattoo marks were a stumbling block to Kenealy, but he got over them by declaring that Roger had never really been tattooed, but had made marks on his arm with a blue pencil from time to time to shock his relations! Arthur Orton had been a friend of his client's in Australia, and he had become identified with his family, but all who swore that he was the same man as The Claimant were shameless perjurers, and had been bribed by the prosecution. Thus he went on for twenty-one days, while the judges and jury dozed and sat out the long, hot days with admirable patience, the tedium only being relieved occasionally when the doctor engaged in heated argument with Justice Mellor or Henry Hawkins over some philological point which was not of the least importance.

All this time the jury had been kept in perfect ignorance as to what witnesses were to be called for the defence, but when they did come, there was a small army of them, some three hundred strong. In his witnesses, again, Orton was

Dr. Kenealy appears for the defence.

unlucky; the best had either withdrawn from the case or died, and Mr. Bulpett alone of the Hampshire gentry went into the box, where he was scarified by Mr. Hawkins. Only one of the officers who had sworn to the plaintiff at the former trial put in an appearance, and Kenealy did not dare to call Baigent, alleging that the case was strong enough without him.

The witnesses were almost all people of humble rank in life, and could only give very vague evidence with the exception of a contingent from Wapping who swore that The Claimant was not Orton at all, but their evidence was discounted by Kenealy not calling any of the Orton family to deny relationship with his client. All this took a terrible time, but the doctor had a trump card up his sleeve, and was waiting till the proper time to play it.

On October 8, Captain James Brown, of Shadwell, was put into the box, and opened a fresh part of the case. He swore that he had been a master mariner, and had been at Rio at the time the "Bella" was there. He was there employed in a ship-chandler's shop. He knew The Claimant fairly well, and had accommodated him with a bed at Rio on two occasions, and when he was bathing in the morning had noticed the brown mark on his hip. On

the morning the "Bella" sailed, he had gone on board of her and saw Roger come on board helplessly drunk. Not wishing the customs officers to see him, he had assisted the skipper of the "Bella" to hide him. Captain Birkett, of the "Bella," was an old friend of his.

A year previously he had first met the ship "Osprey," and knew the captain and mate of her fairly well. The captain's name was Lawrence, and the mate Luie. The latter he had seen a few days previously in the offices of the prisoner's solicitors.

When cross-examined by Mr. Hawkins, a lurid light was thrown on the captain's character. It appeared that when he had applied for his captain's certificate at the Board of Trade he had sworn that he had been at sea in the vessel "Equity" from December, 1853, to January, 1858, and therefore could not have been at Rio in '54 as a ship's chandler. On this being pointed out to him, he declared that he had sworn a false affidavit before the Board of Trade, and that his present account was a true one. He held strongly to his story of the drunken state of Roger when he boarded the "Bella," and added to it that the captain and all the crew were likewise intoxicated. He also swore that he knew Captain Oates well, and had met him at Rio.

This witness's evidence paved the way for Luie, who appeared in the box on October 14. Luie was a little, short man, with a scrubby iron-grey beard, and spoke with a strong foreign accent. His tale was Kenealy's sheet-anchor.

He was not the mate of the "Osprey," but was the steward, though, in fun, the men sometimes did call him the mate. The "Osprey" was a barque-rigged vessel of between three and four hundred tons burthen. Her captain's name was Beannett, not Lawrence. She sailed from New York for Melbourne in February, 1854, and some time in April, after she had crossed the line and was about four hundred miles from the coast of the Brazils, she sighted a boat with, apparently, two men in her. The previous night had been squally, and the sea was then rough. The "Osprey" put about, and the people in the boat, thinking that they had not been noticed, hoisted a red shirt on an oar to attract attention. The "Osprey" came up with them, and then found that there were six persons in the boat, four of whom were lying at the bottom of her insensible. They were all taken on board, and one of the rescued men, who did not seem to be a sailor, was sent by the captain to Luie's berth, and he was told off to nurse him. He was very ill for a long time, partly owing to the effects of sunstroke and partly on account of indulging too much in the rum which the steward used to give him to keep him quiet. When he got better, he used to amuse himself picking oakum. "Doing what?" queried Mr. Hawkins. "He peek ze oakum; var easy work," explained Luie, who claimed to be a Spaniard. The invalid also used to read "The Garden of the Soul," a Catholic book of devotion, and, curiously enough, the only one that Roger could remember when the Attorney-General had asked him what manual of prayers was used at Stonyhurst.

The man gave the name of Rogers, and refused to give any particulars about himself; so Luie thought he was a runaway or a political refugee, and forbore to question him further. Rogers spoke Spanish to him, and English to the captain of the "Osprey."

On reaching Melbourne, Luie found that the gold fever there was at its height, and he and the entire crew deserted in a body and went to the goldfields. Since then he had been wandering about the world, staying only a short time in each place. He only arrived in England on July 5, 1873, and, while drinking in a public-house, had heard some men reading about the trial and wondering if it was true that The Claimant had been wrecked in the "Bella." He knew that the "Bella" was the ship from which they had picked up the survivors, and it struck him that the poor man who had been in his cabin must have been the person about whom they were talking. So he came straight to London and went to The Claimant's house, where he met a man, who spoke to him in Spanish, and reminded him of a little incident which occurred on the voyage. He had no doubt that that man was Mr. Rogers. He concluded his statement with the words, "Before Gott und mann, I speak de truth!" which was rather a strange expression for a Spaniard to use.

Mr. Hawkins cross-examined Luie at very great length, but could not get more out of him than a very long list of ships and of the dates when he had joined them. Then Mr. Luie was compelled to give an undertaking that he would remain in the country till the conclusion of the trial, the Treasury finding him his expenses.

This brought the time down to December 27, when Dr. Kenealy said that he had closed his case. But much fresh matter would be necessary to be adduced by the Treasury before Luie's story could be accepted or Captain Brown thought worthy of credence, so the Crown counsel announced that they proposed to call rebutting evidence and put Captain Oates in the dock, who swore that every word Brown had said was false, and denied having ever seen the man in his life.

On October 31, Mr. Hawkins asked for an adjournment till November 17, pleading that as Luie's evidence had been so suddenly sprung on the court, the Treasury were not prepared to test it at that moment, but had despatched Mr. Purcell to America to find out what he could about Luie. This request was so reasonable that the judges consented, and the counsel had a short rest. When November 17 arrived, Mr. Purcell was still in America, and a further adjournment to the 27th was necessary.

On that day Mr. Purcell appeared in court with a string of witnesses, who proved that Luie's story was false in most of its details. On this Dr. Kenealy jumped up and asked for a further adjournment to enable him to call sur-rebutting evidence, but the judges held that since the defence had been in possession of Luie's story since July 5, they had had ample time to collect as many witnesses as they wanted, and refused the application. That was on Friday, November 29. Just as the court was rising, one of the Treasury solicitors detained Luie, as two people wanted to identify him. For this permission had to be obtained, and he was identified; then the prosecution served Kenealy with a notice that on Monday they proposed to prove that the date Luie gave for his arrival in London was false, but when Monday came the Crown decided not to tender the evidence, and Mr. Hawkins told the Bench so.

Instead of letting well alone, Dr. Kenealy immediately jumped up and demanded a writ of attachment against the Treasury solicitors for practically arresting Luie on Friday, and so attempting to prejudice him in the eyes of the jury. He then read a statement stating the charges he brought against Mr. Pollard, the solicitor.

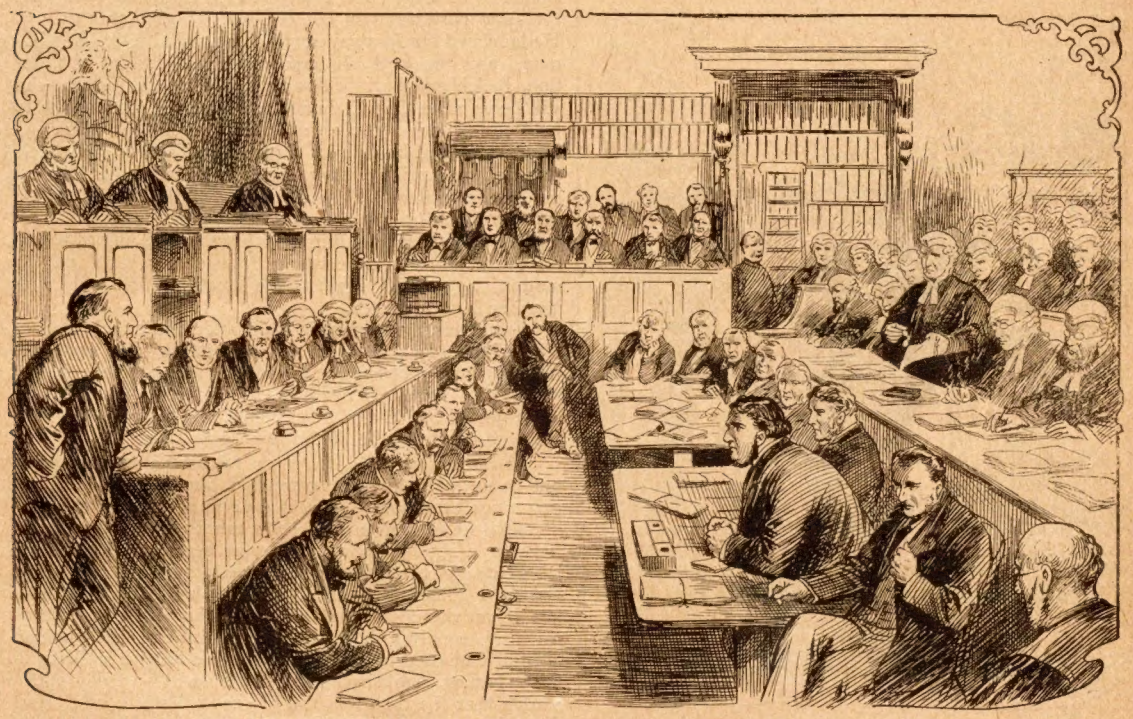
Not till then did he see the mistake he had made, for the Lord Chief Justice insisted on Mr. Pollard either answering the doctor's affidavit in writing or calling the witnesses. The charge against Mr. Pollard was immediately heard, and after five or six witnesses had been called and proved that Luie, under the name of Sorensen, had swindled a firm of shipbrokers in the Minories on March 29, and therefore was in London long prior to the date he said he had reached England, the charge was dismissed, and Luie ordered to enter into recognisances for his appearance if called for.

The case then continued, and after Dr. Kenealy had been summing up for the defence for several days, the proceedings were again interrupted by the arrival of a fresh batch of witnesses who laid before the court the whole of Luie's history, which certainly was a blow to the defence. From these witnesses it was shown that Luie's real name was Lundgren, and that during 1853 and 1854 he had been in Hull. From Hull he had gone to Cardiff, and after serving several short sentences for fraud, was sent to penal servitude for three years, which he was serving at the time he said he was in Ballarat. In 1866 he got six months at Newcastle under the name of Petersen; in 1867 he was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude in the name of Smith, and was

released on March 25, 1873. Four days later he started swindling again in the name of Sorensen. He had never been in America or Australia in his life.

For three days Dr. Kenealy cross-examined the witnesses, but could not elicit more from them than that Luie and Lundgren were the same persons, and when the doctor of Chatham Prison, from which Lundgren had only been released in March, swore positively to the man Kenealy said that he would withdraw his witness. That was all very well, but the Lord Chief Justice was not going to give Luie another chance of escape, and at once committed him to Newgate on a charge of perjury.

After this interlude, the speech for the defence was continued, and went on until January 14, 1874. The counsel did not review the evidence except to read a few tabulated statements which the energy of his junior had prepared, but devoted his time to slandering everybody connected with the prosecution. Advocates, solicitors, witnesses, detectives, were all classed by him as conspirators and scoundrels.



THE TRIAL OF THE TICHBORNE CLAIMANT. JEAN LUIE IN THE BOX.

Mr. Hawkins replied for the Crown, and spoke for seven days, reviewing the entire case for the prosecution succinctly, but leaving to the Lord Chief Justice the balancing of the evidence. On January 29, Sir Alexander Cockburn commenced his summing-up, and for twenty consecutive days he addressed the jury; but, as our readers now know the whole history of the case, we will not repeat even the matter of the memorable charge, but will confine ourselves to quoting the passage which was the subject matter of a subsequent inquiry. Referring to Dr. Kenealy, the Lord Chief said:

> When witnesses are misrepresented, when their statements are distorted, when facts are perverted, when dates are set at naught—and all this not for the purpose of argument in the cause, but in order to lay the foundation of foul accusations and unjust imputations against parties and witnesses—when one unceasing torrent of dirty, foul slime is sent forth wherewith to blacken the characters of men whose reputations have hitherto been beyond reproach, it is impossible for judges to remain silent. . . . We, therefore, felt it our duty to interpose, and in what way were our remonstrances met? By constant disrespect, by covert allusions to Scroggs and Jeffreys and judges of infamous repute—as though, if the spirit of Scroggs and Jeffreys still animated the Bench in the administration of justice, the learned counsel would not have been pretty quickly laid by the heels and put to silence. . . . And in this case, gentlemen, the living and the dead have been equally aspersed. There never was in the history of jurisprudence a case in which such an amount of imputation, accusation, and invective was used before; and I trust that such an instance will never occur again. Though this case is instituted by Her Majesty's Government and carried on on the part of the Crown, you have been asked to believe that everyone connected with it, from the highest to the lowest—counsel, solicitors, clerks, detectives, everybody—are engaged in one foul conspiracy, and have no hesitation in resorting to the most abominable means to purchase testimony and corrupt witnesses.
>
> Bribery, you have been told, has been unhesitatingly resorted to; witnesses against whom I should have supposed that nothing could be said except that they might be mistaken in the evidence they gave, have been charged with having been bribed and with having committed perjury. Imputations are cast out right and left. One man is called a felon, against whom there is no more ground for charging felony than against any one of us. The authorities at Stonyhurst are charged, upon no ground or foundation whatsoever, not only with not teaching morality to their students, but actually with designedly corrupting their minds. Sir James Tichborne is called a degraded slave; Lady Doughty is charged with base hypocrisy; it is alleged that having discovered her nephew had attempted the honour of her own daughter, she shows him the door, with bland smiles and honeyed words. Captain Birkett, who went down in the "Bella" when she foundered, is actually charged with having scuttled the ship in which he perished.

Then the learned judge took the evidence from the beginning in hand, and pitted the witnesses, as it were, against each other. He concluded his magnificent piece of legal analysis on February 28, 1874, the one hundred and eighty-eighth day of the trial. It being a trial at Bar, both the puisne judges had a right also to sum up to the jury, but, feeling that not a word could be added to the masterly speech of their Chief, Justices Mellor and Lush contented themselves with merely saying a few formal words, which took less than twenty minutes. Then the jury retired, and, though there had been some idea that they would disagree, they did not take long to settle their disagreement, for in half an hour they were back in the court again with their verdict.

The foreman, when asked how they found, said "Guilty on all counts;" and then, on the Lord Chief Justice questioning him further, read from a paper the statement that they found that The Claimant was not Roger Tichborne,

"The Claimant" as a barman.

that there was not the slightest evidence to show that Roger Tichborne had been guilty of undue familiarity with his cousin, and that The Claimant was Arthur Orton. Further, they added that they would like to record their opinion that the charges of bribery, conspiracy, and undue influence brought against the prosecution were entirely devoid of foundation, and that they regretted exceedingly the violent language and demeanour of the leading counsel for the defendant in his attacks upon the prosecution and witnesses.

The Claimant was then ordered to stand up, and Mr. Justice Mellor, the senior puisne, proceeded to pass sentence. He said that the public owed a great debt of gratitude to Mr. Gosford in bringing the case so prominently forward through his refusal to recognise The Claimant from the first, though it would have been greatly to his advantage to have done so. For the first charge of perjury, he said, their lordships sentenced Arthur Orton to seven years' penal servitude, and for the second count to a like term, the terms to run consecutively. This unusual course he explained by saying that the framers of the law which made seven years the maximum term for the offence had never dreamed of such an aggravated case. Thus The Claimant vanished from his public position to the seclusion of a convict station, and the great trial was over.

But litigation which had lasted for seven years naturally brought other causes in its train. The trustees of the Tichborne and Doughty Estates had to raise money to pay for defending their own property; so a special Act of Parliament had to be passed to permit them to borrow to the extent of £91,677, which was only the cost of the civil case, for the criminal prosecution was paid for by the taxpayers. Luie and Brown were prosecuted for perjury, and received seven and three years' penal servitude respectively.

Then Dr. Kenealy was called upon by the mess of his circuit to appear before them and explain his disgraceful conduct. He declined to appear, and was expelled from the mess, following which his patent as a Q.C. was taken away from him, and, after a long hearing of the case, the Benchers of Gray's Inn removed him from the Bar. But the fiery Irishman was not the man to take this quietly. He launched out in a paper, which he called "The Englishman," and repeated his imputations against the prosecution, Bench and Bar. Thus he stirred up the public, who still believed in The Claimant, and monster meetings were held throughout the country. He himself was elected a Member of Parliament for Stoke-upon-Trent at a by-election, and on April 23, 1875, brought the whole case before the House, and wanted them to reverse the finding of the jury or appoint a Royal Commission to try him again. A regular debate on the Bill took place; but, unfortunately for the doctor's pride, when a division was taken on his motion, 433 voted against the motion, and only one member for the doctor.

From this time onwards the doctor continued to press The Claimant's grievances on the public, but gradually people got tired of hearing about him, and adherents began to fall off. At the General Election of 1880, Dr. Kenealy was rejected by his own constituents, and took his defeat so much to heart that he died a few weeks later.

At the end of 1884 Orton was released from Dartmoor, and he at once started his campaign, but the public did not pay much attention to him, and from addressing crowded meetings he sank to being a show turn in second-rate music halls for a short time, and, when he ceased to draw there, his place was profitably filled by performing pigs or cheap acrobats. Then he went to a public-house as a barman, but he was no good at that, and turned his attention to keeping a tobacconist's shop, but poverty and bad luck pursued him, and he died in 1898 in an obscure lodging in Marylebone, having published his confession in a weekly paper stating that the theory of the prosecution was correct, and that he was Arthur Orton. Subsequently he verbally revoked his confession, and when he died was buried as the baronet.

With his death the full stop was put to the most amazing fraud of modern times.

The Retort Courteous.

An old plasterer was called upon to give evidence in a case, and was bullied by the opposing counsel.

"Your name is Robert Ring?"

"Yes."

"Are you the same Robert Ring that was sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment for using bad language?"

"No."

"Are you the same Robert Ring who was sentenced to a couple of years' hard labour for theft?"

"No; that wasn't me, either."

"Then you have never been in prison?"

"Yes, twice."

"Ah! And how long the first time?"

"A whole afternoon."

"What! And the second time?"

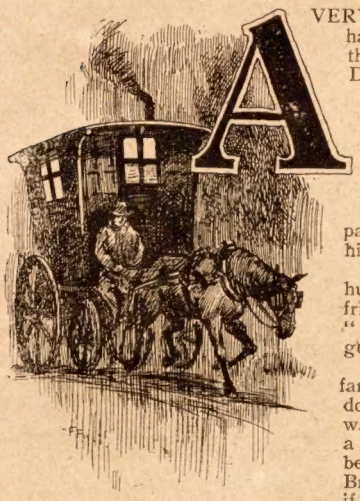
"Only an hour."

"And pray what offence had you committed to deserve so small a punishment?"

"I was sent to prison to whitewash and repair a cell to accommodate a lawyer who had cheated one of his clients."

Life of Charles Peace.

CHAPTER LXIII.—(*Continued.*)



AVERY substantial repast has been provided by the hostess of the Blue Dolphin, to which the hungry travellers did justice.

When the meal was over, Mr. Macarty, who was evidently a man of business, made preparations to start on his journey.

"You are in a great hurry to be off, my friend," said Peace. "Have you far to go?"

"Arrah, an' it's not far; but the governor doesn't like to be kept waitin'; besides, we've a power of work to do before we let in the British public—that is, if they will come in, an' bad luck to them."

"Good luck to you and yours," cried Peace; "and may you prosper, as I am sure you deserve to do. Anyway, I have to return you my most heartfelt thanks for your kindness—to say nothing of your company."

"Be jabers, you're puttin' the pot on in the blarney line, anyhow," returned Macarty; "but we undherstand each other intirely, and good luck to you, and many on 'em."

Peace laughed, and said:

"Well, I'm sorry to part with you, but there is, I suppose, no help for it."

"Faix, an' there is," returned Macarty. "You can make shift wid the same sate ye had last night, and maybe ye'll be a bit more on your journey when you raich Pocklington."

"Pocklington!"

"Ah, shure. I don't know where ye are bhound for, but maybe one place is as good as another to a hawker."

"Oh, it don't much matter which road I travel for the matter of that, and, since you are so pressing, I'll accept your kind offer."

"An' it's welcome ye are—as welcome as the flowers in May."

The caravan was by this time in front of the Blue Dolphin. It looked bright and radiant by the light of the early morning sun.

"There!" said Macarty, pointing to the yellow machine. "It's fit for a prince, bedad; it's as clane as a new pin, and as bright as a newly-polished silver tankard."

"And its driver?"

"Aisy now, aisy. Well, its dhriver is as sharp as a steel thrap. Now, then, are you ready?"

"Quite ready; but wait a bit, I must fetch my luggage and pay the reckoning. When this has been done I am at your service."

Peace went into the house, settled with the landlord, and returned with his bag, which he had made into a parcel with brown paper and string. He got up in front of the caravan, which was driven off by the good-natured Mr. Macarty.

Peace felt perfectly well assured that he was safe from the prying eyes of the police while he sat beside his newly-made friend Macarty, who evidently believed him to be a hawker, never for a moment suspecting the depredations he had been committing.

The Irishman drove his yellow house or caravan direct on to Pocklington, and upon his arrival at the last-named place he introduced Peace to his governor.

Peace made himself very agreeable, and entered freely into conversation with the showman, who was greatly taken with him.

After remaining for an hour or so with the proprietor of the show, he took his departure and made his way to the nearest railway station, booked for Sheffield, and in due course of time found himself once more in his native town.

He had little difficulty in disposing of the property he had possessed himself of in the palatial mansion at Leeds, but as he had had a very narrow chance of being detected, he deemed it advisable to leave that town alone for awhile.

Upon his return to Sheffield he worked industriously at his business for some weeks, and those who were in the habit of seeing him during this time were under the full impression that he was a sober, well-conducted man.

He played at this time in the evenings at various public-houses in Sheffield. He had taught a goat to stand on its hind legs and dance to the sound of his violin.

This little animal is said to have been a most docile and amusing creature, and Peace made a considerable amount of money by its antics.

He was always welcomed at the public-houses he was accustomed to visit, and made a great many friends, but he lost them as soon as made, for there was nothing reliable in the man, and it was, therefore, impossible for anyone to place much faith in him.

CHAPTER LXIV.

For some considerable time Peace appeared to be leading a respectable sort of life. His violin-playing in the evening, and the commissions he executed in the way of picture-framing and other odd jobs, brought him in sufficient for his immediate wants, but this did not content him.

He must have a turn at some house, and lay his hands on all he could conveniently carry away.

It so chanced, when he was taking home some frames to a customer on the outskirts of the town, that he met with an old pal whom he had lost sight of for years.

As he was walking along, the sound of a low whistle fell upon his ears. Peace looked round in the direction from whence it proceeded. He beheld at some distance off the dark features of a man which were very familiar to him.

Peace halted at the corner of the next street, and the stranger came up with him.

"What! don't you know me, you old sinner?" cried the man.

"Know you? Why, of course I do. It's Bandy-legged Bill."

"Right you are, old man; Bill it is."

"Well, this is a surprise. Why, what on earth brought you to Sheffield?"

"What do you suppose? To see an old chum, to be sure."

"I am glad to have met you, Bill. And how goes it with you?"

"Hardly enough. Have to scratch for a living—like the hens—and don't always get much when I do scratch. And how goes it with you?"

"Nothing much to boast of; got pinched four years ago."

"Ah! so I heard; but you are all right now. Where do you hang out?"

"I'm married, and have settled here in my native town."

"Ah, I see, a reformed character," said the gipsy, making a face. "Given up the old business, I s'pose?"

"Partly."

"Oh! only partly?"

"Well, I should be telling a story if I said otherwise."

"I wish you could put me up to a job; I am down below water-mark."

"Ah, for the matter of that, I dare say we shall be able to work something together. I say again, I am glad we have met. Come along with me as far as I am going. I've got to deliver these frames; when this has been done, we can talk over matters."

"Right you are, Charlie; my time's my own."

The two companions in crime walked on till the house Peace was making for had been reached. He delivered his frames, and then returned to his own residence in company with the gipsy, whom he introduced to his wife as an old and esteemed friend.

Dinner was served, and every attention was paid to Peace's guest, who made himself quite at home; he was a gentleman who had very little pride about him, and did not want much pressing to partake of the dainties placed before him.

"And so you are drifting about in troubled waters in an unsatisfactory way?" said Peace.

"I get a haul now and then," observed the gipsy, "but

then there is a long gap between; then ye see I get cursedly hard up sometimes I get a greenhorn to purchase a 'screw' (an unsound horse) at a topping price, and in course when I pull off a bargain of this sort it sets me up for awhile, but greenhorns are not so easy to lug hold on nowadays; 'blokes' are getting too jolly artful—and it's only by nows and thens I lands one of that kidney. Still, I have done pretty fairish at times in the horse-coping line; but there are too many in it, Charlie—and it ain't what it used to be, by a long way."

"Well, I've got a bit of a job on hand," said Peace, in a whisper, drawing his chair nearer to that of his companion, "and if you like to stand in, say the word. I suppose I can rely upon you?"

"Rely!" exclaimed the gipsy. "Did you ever find me round upon you or anybody else? I stand by my pals, come what may, have always done so."

"I believe you always have, Bill. I've always found you right enough. Well, then, listen. I can gain an entrance into a warehouse not very far from here, where a considerable amount of valuable property can be obtained if the matter is skilfully worked."

"All right—fire away—I'm your man."

"I'll show you the premises whenever you like, and I shall not find any difficulty in concealing myself there and waiting patiently till the workpeople knock off work. When this has been done, I have the place to myself, for there is no porter left in charge of the place."

"Ah, sizzers, but that's grand—nothing could be better."

"What I want you to do is to walk carelessly outside the premises and watch till the police on beat are changed."

"That I can easily do."

"And when the constable on duty has gone his rounds, to give me notice, either by tapping at one of the windows, or else by a whistle. When I know the coast is clear I shall know what to do."

"I'll take my davy of that, old pal," cried the gipsy, with a loud laugh. "It shall be done to rights, as far as I am concerned."

"But what we shall have to carry away won't go into a particularly small compass, that's the worst part of the business, but we shall be able to manage it all right enough, I dare say."

"Won't go into a small compass?"

"No; but never mind, I'll show you how it is to be worked. Now, then, if you've a mind, we'll just step round to the warehouse and take a careful observation."

"With all my heart; I'm ready if you are."

The two companions in crime sallied forth, and in a short time reached the establishment which was to be the scene of their operations.

They did not like to linger too long near the premises lest they should attract attention, but the cursory glance they had sufficed for their purpose, and they crept into a narrow dark street on the opposite side of the way, which effectually screened them from observation.

It was arranged between the two that the robbery was to be carried out on the following night.

Before the workmen knocked off Peace watched his opportunity, and crept unobserved into the premises, and contrived to conceal himself in one of the cellars. Here he waited patiently till closing time.

The place was locked up, and secured by massive bolts and bars—so carefully secured, indeed, that it was supposed to be burglar-proof.

When he felt assured that everybody had left, Peace crept from his hiding-place. He had brought with him a sack, an old one, for a new one would not have answered his purpose.

Sealskins and embroidery were the valuables he was desirous of purloining. He was well acquainted with the interior of the premises, as years before he had done an occasional job therein in the way of mending machinery and carpenter's work.

He had, therefore, but little difficulty in laying his hands upon the goods he so much coveted. He thrust sealskin after sealskin into his bag, together with satin and embroidery; in a short time the sack was very tightly filled.

At a rough calculation the property it contained would represent as much as from two to three hundred pounds—that is, assuming the articles were sold at the manufacturers' prices.

He was now prepared to make clean off with the booty the moment the signal was given by his accomplice from without.

Bandy-legged Bill was a stranger to Sheffield and unknown to any of its inhabitants, and he was therefore not likely to attract much observation.

Peace had watched and waited as he had done on many other occasions. In cases of this sort he displayed an amount of passive endurance which, to say the least of it, was most remarkable in one of his active temperament

He was greatly relieved upon hearing a gentle tap at one of the back windows of the warehouse.

He looked out and beheld the gipsy, who intimated by a sign that the coast was clear.

Peace lost no time—he passed out of the premises.

He placed the sack on the shoulders of the gipsy, and bade him follow him.

He boldly walked down the Haymarket, passed the side of the Town Hall, and made for some stables in the vicinity, one of which he rented.

He opened the door of this with his key, and then he and Bandy-legged Bill passed in and locked it from the inside.

There was light enough for their purpose. The sack was deposited in one corner of the stable and covered over with loose straw.

At one time Peace had kept a pony trap. This, however, had been sold soon after his conviction. But Peace upon obtaining his release had again become tenant of the stable, in which at the present time was a goat, some rabbits, guinea pigs, and fowls. A horse and trap he intended to purchase, but the stable was useful for a variety of purposes, the concealment of property being one.

"So far we are safe," cried Peace; "but we must be off with the booty by early dawn, certainly before the people arrive at the warehouse."

"What do you call early?" said the gipsy.

"A little after five, or from that to six. These things must be far away from the town before any hue and cry is raised."

"And how is it to be worked?"

"You meet me here a little after five, and I'll tell you."

"All right, guv'nor—I'm only a hunderstrapper, you know. You are the commander-in-chief. I does as you tell me."

"You see, you are a horsy-looking man—I am not."

"Well, wot of that?"

"It is but natural for a horsy man to be carrying a sack of corn or tares, or what not."

"All right—I tumble. I will be here at a little after five."

With this understanding the two rascals parted company. The gipsy took up his quarters in a beer-shop, and Peace returned to his own domicile.

Upon arriving at the stable at the appointed time, he found his trusty confederate awaiting his appearance.

The gipsy again shouldered the sack, and was conducted by Peace towards the tramway terminus, and they took up their position at the corner of Blonk Street, where they waited for the next moving tramcar.

When it came up, Peace and the gipsy took seats in it, but the conductor would not allow them to take the bag inside, so they deposited it on the platform of the carriage near the driver.

By this means they got it conveyed to Pinfield Lane, when they both got out, went past the brickyard, and continued their course towards Darnell.

"It's a plaguy nuisance that the fellow would not allow us to take it inside. Had he done so we should have got clean away," said Peace; "but there's no help for it. We must do the best we can."

"It'll be all right, I dare say," returned Bill. "We haven't much reason to complain as far as we've gone at present."

"I am not altogether satisfied," said Peace, "and under the circumstances I think it would be better to hide the sack for awhile."

"As yer please. Yer know best."

Peace turned aside into a field, and bade his companion follow up. He then took the sack from the shoulders of the gipsy and hid it under a hedge.

"It will be all right there for a short time," said he. "In the meantime, we can consider what the next move is to be."

The gipsy scratched his head; he did not much like leaving the property there, but he had the prudence to say nothing.

The two repaired to a neighbouring public-house, where they had some breakfast. After this they took a stroll together, being still in doubt as to their course of action.

"If that 'ere blessed old sack is discovered, it's a case of pickles," said the gipsy; "and I ain't at all sartin, mind yer, that it won't be."

"Neither am I," returned Peace; "but it's better to lose the goods than be pinched."

"Look here!" cried Bill. "Two heads are better than one. Let's go back, and I'll put you up to a move."

Peace, who was hankering after stolen goods, did as his companion desired; he went back to the hedge.

The gipsy commenced gathering some green stuff, a thing he had been accustomed to do when leading a wandering life among gipsies.

"What is all this for?" said Peace.

"You shall see," returned his companion, who, after gathering an armful of the green stuff, crammed the same into the mouth of the sack, and made it appear as if it was full of the same stuff.

"Now do you understand?" cried Bill.

Peace nodded. "I see," he said.

"If anyone asks what you have got, tell 'em as bold as brass that you've got green meat for your rabbits, guinea pigs, and such like."

"An excellent idea. Cram it well with the green stuff."

The gipsy placed more of the same inside the sack.

"Now we'll take it with us, at all risks," said Bill.

Upon arriving at the Victoria Station, he booked for Manchester, and took the whole of the stolen property with him.

The gipsy remained behind, with the understanding that he was to call at Peace's house on the following day.

At Manchester Peace managed to dispose of the whole of the property, and netted thereby a considerable sum of money, as at that time seal skins were all "the rage," and those he had obtained were of the choicest quality, and cut according to the newest, and therefore most fashionable patterns.

It was singular that Peace, considering the enormous amount of property that fell into his hands during his career, should not have amassed a large sum of money, but it seldom happens that the professional thief or burglar, however successful he might be, is enabled to put much by out of his ill-gotten gains.

On the morning after his visit to Manchester the gipsy presented himself at Peace's house. He found him in his

THE WELL-KNOWN FACE OF A DETECTIVE.

"We'll do so if you like. I certainly don't fancy leaving it here to be overhauled."

The two companions walked through Darnell in a perfectly easy, self-satisfied sort of way.

The gipsy carried the sack into a field on the side nearest the railway station, and deposited it in a place which he considered more secure.

His judgment proved correct, for no one during the day found out its place of concealment.

"Let it bide there till such time as you make up your mind to put it away, or dispose of its contents," said the gipsy, as he and Peace took their way over the fields.

"I think that will be its last resting place for to-day," observed Peace. "When evening comes on, we shall be able to get clean off with it. In the meantime, we must make ourselves as contented as circumstances will permit."

They amused themselves as they best could, and to do this more effectually they paid a visit to an exhibition of works of art and antiquities in the immediate neighbourhood.

After emerging from the museum, they wandered through the green lanes, and when the dusk of the evening set in, they took the sack from its place of concealment, and Peace went with it to Sheffield by train.

workshop with apron on, busily occupied with his frames, as if nothing had happened.

"Well," cried Bill, "you are a card; blest if you don't deserve a medal or statue. Never saw such a chap in all my born days. You're a stunner, and no mistake."

"What the devil are you talking about?" cried Peace. "Hold your row, and sit down."

He handed the gipsy a stool.

"Now then," said Peace, "what is there to be surprised at?"

"What? Why, you look for all the world as if you were the most hard-working, industrious tradesman as ever was, working away for dear life. You'd deceive the devil—that's what you'd do—with ease, and think nothing of it."

"Ah, I dare say—that's all very well; but I should find it difficult to deceive you, old man; but stow your chaff."

"Well, how did you get on at Manchester?" said Bill.

"Oh, as right as the mail. Got rid of them all, and nobody any the wiser."

"My word! but that's clever. Turned them into ready cash, eh?"

Peace nodded. He drew from his pocket some notes, which he handed to the gipsy.

"Finnips!" cried the latter

"Well, what of that? They are right enough; but if you want some gold, here you are."

He placed in the hand of his companion several sovereigns, which made the eyes of the gipsy glisten with pleasure.

"And is this for me? Am I to keep both notes and gold?"

"Yes; it will set you up for awhile."

"You're a downright good fellow, Charlie. Many thanks," said Bill, pocketing the amount.

"And now you had better be off for the present. You can look round in the evening, if you like."

"Yes, I will just drop in for an hour or so; so good-bye for the present."

In about two hours after the gipsy had taken his departure, the well-known form of a detective was visible at the window of Peace's workshop.

He tapped at the door, which Peace opened.

"You are busy. Can I come in?"

"Yes, come in, Mr. Stallard. What's up now?" said Peace carelessly, as he laid on the leaf gold to one of his frames.

The detective glanced furtively around.

"There's been a big robbery at Messrs. Arnison's," said Stallard.

"Never! When?"

"Either Tuesday night or Wednesday morning, we suppose."

"Ah, much property gone?"

"Oh, dear me, yes, a good deal."

"And have you found out the robbers?"

"Not as yet," observed the detective, regarding Peace with a searching look.

"And pray now, if it's a fair question," said Peace, leaving off his work for a moment or two, "is that the reason of your visit to me?"

"Well, it's our duty to go anywhere and everywhere, for the matter of that—not to leave a stone unturned."

"Oh, I see. Well, Mr. Stallard, all I can say is that I cannot give you any information, for I know nothing about the affair. I'm endeavouring to earn an honest livelihood, and you must admit it doesn't look well to my customers to see a gentleman of your inquiring mind here."

"I have a duty to perform," said Stallard; "I thought perhaps you might possibly be able to give me some information."

"How the devil can I give you information upon a subject upon which I know nothing?" cried Peace, in a fury. "Perhaps you think I had some hand in the robbery?"

"Oh, dear no, I never for a moment suggested such a thing."

"Perhaps the best plan will be for you to search the house and satisfy yourself," said Peace, throwing open the doors which led into the lower rooms of the habitation.

Mr. Stallard was taken aback all of a sudden. He came to the conclusion that Peace was innocent, and that he—the detective—was making a fool of himself.

"There is no occasion for you to be out of temper, Peace, not the least occasion. Nobody suspects you."

"I would much prefer your searching the place—I'm not afraid of you or any of your comrades. It isn't because a man's been in trouble that he should be hunted down like a wild beast."

Peace's effrontery was perfectly overwhelming. So much so that the detective was fairly imposed on. He was duly impressed with the mistake he had made, and with a few more apologetic words left the workshop without further questioning.

"Umph!" ejaculated Peace, "that's the way to stall them off. He's got nothing against me—that's quite certain. It was a mere try on. I wish the idiot had searched the house; much good it would have done him."

Every effort was made by the constabulary to find out the robber or robbers.

It was generally supposed at the time that there was a gang at work who only paid "flying visits" to the town, and all efforts to trace the property were fruitless.

Peace laughed in his sleeve, and then went on with his usual daily vocation as if nothing had happened.

CHAPTER LXV.

We now enter upon a fearful study.

Laura Stanbridge had once in her life become human. She had loved. She had loved the boy Alf Purvis with as intense and fiery a passion as an Eastern queen.

She had offered this man her love, which was as lurid as her rage; he had refused it, and in refusing it he had told her the terrible secret of her own life. By some means he had discovered the crimes of her girlhood—adultery, theft, murder. For this she hated him, and with no common hate—for this she determined to be avenged, and with no common vengeance.

Little did Alf Purvis suppose that he had such a bitter, relentless enemy to deal with.

They had been partners in crime—now they were working out their own ends separately and apart. Indeed, it is surprising that the young pickpocket had not taken himself off altogether; only there was this to be said: with all his assumed bravado, he stood in fear of Laura Stanbridge, who was more than a match for him as far as cunning and duplicity were concerned.

But a new actor is about to appear in this part of the drama—one, however, who is already well known to the reader.

One evening, when a grand concert was given at St. James's Hall, Laura Stanbridge sallied forth, paid the price of admission, and entered the hall. Every seat was occupied. She found out that she was a little too late to obtain a place, so she stood and listened to the music.

A young man who sat close to where she was standing rose from his seat, which he begged her to occupy. She was thickly veiled at this time, but her eyes gleamed through the veil.

Raising it, she disclosed a face which was pale, chaste, and beautiful as that of a Madonna.

"I cannot think of turning you out of your seat, sir," she said, in a voice of ineffable sweetness.

"Nay," returned the other, "I must beg of you to be seated. I can do very well here. Do, pray, take the place."

She smiled sweetly, and sat down.

The performance proceeded.

He noticed that she was expensively dressed, and presented altogether a most aristocratic appearance.

He was greatly pleased with her society, and when the concert came to an end offered to escort her out of the hall.

She fixed her eyes on him. As he glanced at those eyes, so full of languor and love, he started and blushed.

She did not blush, but she looked modestly on the ground.

They passed out of the hall together, descended the staircase, and reached the Piccadilly entrance.

He asked her if he might have the pleasure of putting her into a cab or seeing her home.

She answered him in a confused tone:

"But I do not know you, sir," she said gently.

"That is true," he answered, with a sigh.

"Still, I must admit that I am very pleased to have met you, and at the same time have to thank you for your kindness."

They were in Piccadilly at this time.

"Perhaps you wish me to leave you," he murmured.

"No, I do not say that."

"Have you far to go?"

"Not very far—hardly a quarter of a mile."

He reflected for a few moments, and then said:

"I should like to prevail upon you to take some refreshment, if it be only a glass of wine and a biscuit."

"Certainly; I accept your kind offer."

They went into the nearest confectioner's, and had some refreshment.

The young man gazed abstractedly around the place, and then sighed.

"I think you must have heard some bad news," said she, munching a sponge cake.

"What makes you think that?"

"You are sad and preoccupied."

"No, no, my dear lady. To say the truth, I am no sadder than I have been for a long time past."

"Ah! something troubles you, I feel certain of that. I am afraid you are in love."

He started.

"Oh, dear me, no such thing," he exclaimed vehemently.

"Pardon me, I know I must appear very rude. Let us go."

She rose, went out into the street, and he followed.

"You do not need me to tell you that sorrow is robbed of half its bitterness if we have anyone to share it with us," said Laura.

"Indeed, that is very true," he murmured.

"But we can't discuss topics of this nature in the public street," she added.

"Ah, I forgot! May I see you home?"

"If you like."

They walked on together till the house in the occupation

of Miss Stanbridge was reached. She paused in front of this, and said, "Now, my friend, we must part."

"You reside here?" said he.

"Precisely; your surmise is correct. The hour is late, and I dare not ask you in, but——" here she bent her eyes on the ground.

"But what?" He was going to say dearest, but luckily he checked himself.

"Well, I don't interdict your giving me a morning call when passing this way."

"And your name? You forget, my dear madame, that you have not as yet favoured me with your name."

"Neither have you, sir, favoured me with yours," she returned, handing him her card.

He gave her his in return, bade her good night, raised his hat, and went his way.

"Gatliffe—Gatliffe," she ejaculated, when she had reached her parlour and glanced at the card; "surely I have heard that name on somebody's lips before now. Umph! I think I have played my part pretty well. I shall have the extreme pleasure of seeing the gentleman again. I wonder who and what he is. We shall see."

Miss Stanbridge retired to rest, well satisfied with the evening's adventure.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock on the following morning the maid came into the parlour and gave her mistress a card.

On it was "Mr. Thomas Gatliffe."

"Show the gentleman in," said Miss Stanbridge. "'Gad, he's not lost much time," she murmured, when the girl had left.

"As I happened to be passing this way," said Gatliffe, as he entered, "I thought I would take the liberty of giving you a call to inquire how you are after last night's fatigue."

"You are very kind, I'm sure," returned Laura, handing her visitor a chair; "and I need not add that I am pleased to see you, as it gives me assurance that I am not forgotten."

Gatliffe's manner was a little constrained—to say the truth, he was not altogether at ease.

In the first place, he was surprised to find the lady the only occupant of the room when he entered.

He had expected to see some of her relatives present. He did not know the character or the ways of the alluring creature whom he had imprudently chosen to visit.

"Now, tell me," observed Laura, in a playful, sportive manner, "what do you think of your newly-formed acquaintance by the morning's light?"

Gatliffe looked confused, and did not very well know what answer to make.

"I think you look remarkably well," he muttered, "and only wish I looked half as well."

"Oh, you flatterer! But come, let me beg of you to have a glass of wine."

"Thank you, I had rather not."

"Nay, but you must."

"I'm a business man, and have much to attend to, and therefore seldom take anything in the morning."

"A little brandy and seltzer won't hurt you. Bah! don't make a wry face—you are strong as a young Hercules."

"Am I? I don't feel so," returned Gatliffe, with a smile.

He, however, consented to quaff the contents of the proffered glass.

"I dare say you think me a singular sort of person," remarked his companion; "and, to say the truth, I believe I am."

"I have never said so."

"Possibly not; but you have thought so, doubtless. Our acquaintance has been made in quite an accidental manner; but it sometimes happens, you know, that acquaintances of this sort ripen into a lasting friendship. I hope it may prove so in this case. At present we know but little of each other."

"Yes, at present."

"But there is no reason this should always be so. You are in business?"

"Yes; foreman to a large engineering firm."

"And are single, I presume?"

"For the present, but——"

"Enough; I do not seek to pry into your secrets. You are very good and kind—of that I am perfectly well assured; and that is quite enough for the present."

Gatliffe thought her manner was very charming and ingenuous, but he was at a loss to know whether she was mistress of the establishment or not, and he was too diffident to make any inquiry.

"I must take my leave now," he ejaculated.

"What, going so soon? Dear me, yours is a short visit."

"You see, my time is not my own, and when I tell you that, I am sure you'll excuse me."

"Oh, certainly. But I suppose I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again."

"Yes, on the very first opportunity."

"Then I will not attempt to detain you, Mr. Gatliffe," said she, rising and offering her hand to her visitor.

"He's by no means forward or fast," she murmured when he had gone.

"He wants bringing out. I shall work him all right enough. He's a bit smitten, that is very clear."

She dressed herself in fashionable garments and went out.

She expected to see Gatliffe on the succeeding day, but he did not make his appearance.

Three days elapsed. On the fourth he paid her another visit.

He was reserved and thoughtful, as on the previous occasion.

She told him that she had two tickets for the opera stalls, and asked him if he would like to make use of one—they were numbered seats, of course, and he might please himself about coming—any time would do, she herself would make use of the other.

He took the ticket, and promised to be there as early as circumstances would permit; then he left as before.

"He wants a mighty deal of humouring, and is evidently shy. No matter for that, I shall find means to banish his shyness. Good—doubtless he will be there; anyway, I shall."

It is needless to say that Miss Stanbridge looked extremely lovely. Art had done something towards improving her personal appearance.

When her toilette was completed, she desired her maid to go for a four-wheeler, in which she was conveyed to the opera-house. Upon taking her seat she found the adjacent one unoccupied. Tom Gatliffe had, therefore, not yet arrived.

He did not arrive till after the overture had been played and the curtain drawn up. Upon presenting himself he was full of apologies for being so behindhand, saying that he had been unavoidably detained at the works.

Laura Stanbridge pouted a little, but accepted his apologies with grace and good humour.

At the close of the first act an animated and pleasant conversation was carried on between the two—the same formula took place during the succeeding intervals in the performance. The gentleman ordered ices and other refreshments for the lady.

When the opera was over, Laura Stanbridge passed out of the stalls with her friend.

"I must get you to fetch a cab, dear," said she, "for I have come in my opera cloak just as you see me."

"Certainly, by all means," returned Gatliffe. "You wait here. I won't be more than a few seconds."

He returned, conducted her into the cab, and got into the vehicle himself.

He sat by her side, a little reserved, perhaps, but in far better spirits than she had ever seen him.

When they arrived home the supper things had been laid, and the table "groaned," to make use of a hackneyed phrase, with the best of everything it was possible to procure.

Gatliffe looked surprised.

"You are going to have some supper with me, of course?" suggested Laura.

"Umph! oh, yes," he replied, in a half hesitating manner.

Miss Stanbridge cast aside her opera cloak and stood before the young man in a costume of the most faultless description, and Gatliffe was taken completely aback at the elegance of her attire and the beauty of her form.

He, however, said nothing, but sat down to supper, the girl waiting on her mistress and her visitor.

When the supper was over, and the things removed, Miss Stanbridge said to the girl:

"You may go to bed, Lucy. I shall not require you any more to-night. I will see my friend out. But, stay, before you retire bring me in a little hot water in the kettle."

The girl did as she was required, and then took her way upstairs.

At the request of Laura Stanbridge, Gatliffe lighted a cigar and mixed himself some grog.

An hour or more passed away.

* * * * * * *

The two companions were seated in the parlour, side by side—the hour was late, but Gatliffe still lingered.

"You have told me your sorrows and troubles," said his female companion, "and no one can sympathise with you to

a greater extent than myself, for I, too, have been deserted by a cold, cruel, heartless man; but it is all over now, and I strive to forget the past—the bitter past."

After this exordium, she told her companion a specious tale, in which she made herself a most self-sacrificing creature.

She wound up by declaring that she was living on her means all alone in the world.

"Alone—eh?" cried Gatliffe.

"Well, yes, I had a female companion, it is true, and a young man whom I have brought up, making this place his home; but he is like the rest, ungrateful and selfish."

She sighed, and drew her chair nearer to his.

"Ah! if I could find but one sympathising friend," she murmured; "for, oh, Mr. Gatliffe, we can none of us live only for ourselves. It is not in the nature and order of things—is it?"

"I don't think it is," he murmured, glancing at her dark, dreamy, voluptuous eyes—glancing at her marble bust, which was at this time a little more revealed than it had been upon their first entrance into the parlour.

"You agree with me, then?"

"As far as that is concerned, I do," he returned.

"I expected you would do so, and your wife is so unmindful of this. You love her, I suppose?"

The engineer made no answer to this query.

"It is evident enough you do," observed his companion.

"I did. It was impossible for me to do otherwise. When I first made her acquaintance I thought her the most charming creature I had ever seen."

She placed her hand on his, and looked earnestly into his face.

He grasped her hand and drew her towards him. Her head fell upon his shoulder, and he inhaled the fragrance of her breath. A tremor seemed to creep through his frame; he placed his arm round her neck, and pressed his lips to hers in one long, lingering kiss.

She made no resistance.

Presently she wound her arms round him and returned the embrace. She breathed into his ear words of endearment, and Gatliffe was fairly enthralled; his hand accidentally came in contact with her bosom.

"You will not leave me to-night, dearest?" she murmured. "It is too late for you to think of returning home. You will not be cruel enough to leave me all alone after this brief interval of happiness?"

Gatliffe was bewildered; he knew he was acting in a most indiscreet manner, but had not the courage to break the spell that bound him.

The clock on the mantelpiece struck two.

"Goodness me, is it so late?" he ejaculated.

"It is late," said his companion, "but what of that? The hours fly swiftly by when in the society of those we love."

"But I really must be thinking of going."

"Why so? You cannot reach Wood Green to-night, seeing that it is now morning, and what does it matter?"

"Upon my word," said he, "I have been so charmed, so pleased with your society, that it appears I have forgotten all else."

"And so you ought," she cried, with another embrace.

"Ah!" he murmured, "I am powerless in your arms, and even unable to exercise any will of my own. This ought not to be."

"Why not? I am pleased to think I have such power over you. Ah, Mr. Gatliffe, we are neither of us accountable to anyone, and if—if—you find happiness in my society——" She broke off abruptly, and hid her head on his shoulder.

Gatliffe, who had been quite unprepared for this display of affection, was no longer master of himself. He took her on his knee and kissed her passionately.

Laura Stanbridge, who had been playing her part to perfection, smiled.

She had him in her toils. Of that she felt assured.

The beautiful creature in his arms affected to love him, and he, poor, weak fool that he was, believed her.

"Now, dearest," he exclaimed, "will you excuse me? May I go?"

"As you please," she answered, pouting.

"It is not as I please. It is for you to determine."

"You would not think of leaving at such an hour. Are you not contented?"

"Certainly, but——"

"But what?"

"I shall compromise you by remaining."

She laughed. "Ah! don't mind me," she cried.

"But the hour—ten minutes to three."

"Well, I know that. When you desire to retire you have only to say the word. There is a bedroom already prepared for your reception. This house is my own; I am mistress here, and am a lady of independent means—what more do you desire to hear?"

Gatliffe had a very natural wish to know a great deal more, but he had the prudence not to broach so delicate a question.

"Oh! nothing—nothing more," he stammered out.

"Good—you are weary. I will show you to your chamber," said his companion, lighting a wax candle, and rising from her seat.

Gatliffe made no observation, but rose also.

The lady led the way upstairs and conducted her visitor to an elegantly-furnished bedroom on the second storey of the house.

She placed the light on the toilet-table, and then turned towards the bewildered young man.

"You will be able to rest tranquilly here till morning, dearest," she murmured.

Gatliffe nodded. Then he sprang forward and caught her in his arms. He pressed her form to his, and covered her with burning and passionate kisses.

"Enough!" cried Laura. "Good night. Susan will be up early, and you can have breakfast at what hour you please," and with these words she passed along the passage.

Gatliffe closed the door of his bedroom, sat down in one of the chairs, and endeavoured to collect his thoughts—his head was in a perfect whirl.

"She is a beautiful creature," he murmured. "A lady of independent means, eh! What a strange adventure! Well, I have no reason to complain."

He threw off his clothes and tumbled into bed, but he was too much disturbed in his mind to sleep.

When he arose in the morning he went into the parlour, where the breakfast was served by the maid, who informed him that her mistress would be down in a few minutes.

Presently Laura Stanbridge made her appearance. She was attired in an elegant morning costume, and seemed to be none the worse for her carouse on the preceding night. She did the honours of the table with infinite grace, and paid every possible attention to her guest.

Gatliffe was charmed with her manner. He thanked her for all her kindness, and when the morning was over told her that he must leave to attend to his business at the works.

She acquiesced, and offered her hand. Gatliffe drew her towards him and embraced her; then he took his departure, with a promise that he would pay her another visit.

The more he thought over his adventure the more puzzled he was, but he could not keep long away from the woman who by this time had him enthralled.

He visited her again and again until he became a regular frequenter of the establishment. He slept there two or three nights out of the week. As time went on all restraint was thrown off, and Laura Stanbridge became his mistress.

CHAPTER LXVI.

While the intrigue was being carried on between Laura Stanbridge and her victim, Tom Gatliffe, Aveline's grandfather was in deep consultation with his lawyer as to how a divorce was to be obtained for his darling pet, who was by this time moving in the best society, and surrounded by fashionable admirers. Mr. Chicknell did not know very well what course to advise.

The earl was persistent in his demands. A divorce he was bent upon having, at all hazards.

An opportunity most suddenly and unexpectedly presented itself.

Mr. Wrench was commissioned to wait upon the engineer at his house at Wood Green.

He called several times, but could not succeed in meeting with the owner of the establishment.

He ascertained from the loquacious servant in charge of the place that her master came home only occasionally. She said, in answer to the detective's persistent inquiries, that Mr. Gatliffe had been for some time past in the habit of remaining in London, in consequence, as she alleged, of pressure of business at the works.

Mr. Wrench heard all she had to say, and very soon began to draw his own inference therefrom.

"Stays in town, does he?" murmured our astute officer. "Umph! there is some special reason, for this business is all very well in its way, but there may be another cause. Formed some new connection, perhaps, illicit love and all that sort of thing. The case looks more promising. If I succeed in finding out anything the earl, my patron, will be in a state

of delight, but after all it's too contemptible and paltry a business for me to be engaged in. Well, we will see what can be done. Something's in the wind—that's quite certain. The question is, how is it to be worked?"

Attached to the staff of gentlemen of which he (Wrench) was a distinguished ornament, was a man who was a sort of supplementary or occasional detective—his name was Slingsby.

His services had been frequently called into requisition to hunt up evidence for his superiors.

Mr. Wrench, upon his return home, sent for Slingsby without further ado.

"Well," said the last named, when he was closeted with his superior, "Naggs said you wanted to see me."

"Naggs was right. Sit down," returned Mr. Wrench.

"Anything on hand? Any fresh business?" inquired Slingsby.

"Yes. In the first place, there is a young man named Gatliffe, who is by trade an engineer. He resides at Wood Green."

"I can go there, and soon ascertain about him."

"Don't you be so fast. I don't want you to go to Wood Green. What I want you to do is to watch him as he leaves his work. He is foreman to an engineer in the Euston Road. You understand me thus far."

"Oh, perfectly."

"Very well. What I want you to do is this—when he leaves, follow him and notice where he goes to. It's probable he may make for the station; in which case push your inquiries no further, as you may rest assured that he is about to return to his own home."

"But if he doesn't do so?"

"If he does not, follow him and see where he goes to. This done, come to me."

"What is he wanted for?"

"He is not wanted. All I require for the present of you is to ascertain where he goes to on the nights he does not return to Wood Green. We have good reason for believing that he has taken up with some woman. Should this be the case, we must learn more about it."

"Then that's all you want me to do at present?"

"That is all. Here is the name and address of his governor. Now, do your best. I have written underneath the address, between the hours of six and eight, and here is his photograph, by which you will be able to recognise him."

"All right, Mr. Wrench. Never fear, I'll find out what you want;" and with these words Mr. Slingsby took his departure.

On the following night he watched the entrance through which the workpeople passed in and out of the works in the Euston Road.

In the course of half-an-hour or so, he observed Gatliffe pass through the door, and Mr. Slingsby followed at once. He was, however, much disappointed at finding his man make direct for the railway station, and had in accordance with his instructions to give up the chase for that night.

On the succeeding evening he was again at his post, and very shortly before seven Gatliffe again passed out of the building—this time to take a different direction. He walked on westwards, and entered a coffee-shop, where he remained for about half-an-hour or more, Mr. Slingsby keeping watch on the outside.

THE BEAUTIFUL CREATURE IN HIS ARMS AFFECTED TO LOVE HIM.

He saw Gatliffe emerge from the coffee-shop, and then walk on at a smart pace, the detective following at a respectful distance. After this the young engineer went into a hosier's shop, and purchased a pair of gloves.

He then made direct for Covent Garden Theatre, paid the entrance money, and went into the Promenade Concerts.

The detective did the same, and kept a sharp eye upon the movements of his man, who in the course of a few minutes was joined by a female, in whose company he remained for the whole of the evening. When the performance was over, the two, upon reaching the street, called a four-wheeled cab, into which they both got. When the vehicle was driven off, Mr. Slingsby jumped into a hansom, and told the driver to follow the four-wheeler.

The driver of the hansom obeyed the order given him, and in the due course of time the four-wheeler was brought to a standstill at the house in the occupation of Miss Stanbridge.

Mr. Slingsby saw its two occupants alight and enter the

house in question; then he discharged his cab, and watched the house for some considerable time.

He saw a light in the parlour, and saw also the shadows of two or three persons, one of which appeared to be that of a man, the others those of females.

He remained watching the house for an hour and a-half, or perhaps two hours; then, when the front parlour was in darkness he went his way, well satisfied with his night's adventure.

Early on the following morning he waited upon Mr. Wrench to make him acquainted with the successful nature of his expedition.

"You have done well, wonderfully well, Slingsby," said the detective. "Nothing could be better. You are quite certain as to his identity?"

"Oh, quite certain. He is the image of the photograph."

"Say, rather, the photo is the image of him. Yes, it is. There cannot be any mistake as to that; and the lady—do you know her?"

"No; never saw her before."

"You have to watch him again, and see if he pays another visit to this establishment. When this has been done we will consider our next course of procedure."

Mr. Slingsby acted in accordance with the instructions given him by his superior.

He was at the works in the Euston Road on the following night, but the result was not quite so satisfactory. Tom Gatliffe went to the railway station, and made for his home at Wood Green.

On the third night he bent his steps in the direction of Laura Stanbridge's residence, the detective following at a respectful distance.

The gentle rap which Gatliffe gave at the door caused it to be opened by the servant girl, when, without a word, the visitor entered.

Mr. Slingsby remained cooling his heels on the pavement on the opposite side of the street..

Presently the owner of the house came out with her admirer.

Mr. Slingsby judged rightly enough that the two were going to some place of entertainment. He did not deem it expedient to follow them, but went his way, and returned to his post a little before eleven o'clock.

In about half an hour after that time the lady and gentleman returned, the former letting herself and her companion in with a latch-key.

A gleam of light shot from the parlour window as on the first occasion, and Mr. Slingsby watched the house until he concluded all the inmates had retired to bed, then he returned to his own lodgings, very well satisfied with his night's work.

"It is pretty clear we have run him to earth," said Mr. Wrench, when his emissary made him acquainted with all the facts which had come to his knowledge. "You have done this job to rights, Slingsby."

When Mr. Slingsby had taken his departure, Mr. Wrench rubbed the palms of his hands together in great glee.

"Ah, I wasn't far out in my surmise!" he ejaculated. "I thought there was a woman in the case."

He put on his hat and gloves, and sallied forth.

He made the best of his way to Mr. Chicknell's chambers.

The lawyer was perfectly staggered when he heard the news.

"You don't mean it? Can it be possible?" he ejaculated.

"Fact, sir—an indisputable fact."

"Do you think he is living in open adultery with this woman?"

"I fear—or rather I fancy so."

"And so he's taken up with a woman of doubtful repute, has he? Dear me, it seems almost incredible."

"Well, it's only as we suppose at present, sir. But proofs are necessary. It would never do to jump hastily at a conclusion. I have never been accustomed to do that."

"No, no, of course not. That we know perfectly well; and so, upon second consideration, it would be perhaps just as well to hold the matter over for the present, and not mention the subject to the earl till we have clearer evidence."

"Well, sir, that is the reason for my waiting upon you. He has been seen in places of public resort with this woman; he has been seen entering the house with her, and there is every reason to suppose that he has remained there all night; but this, as you know, is not positive evidence. We must have more than this."

"Well, I cannot do better than leave it in your hands. You know what is requisite—proofs, clear and unmistakable proofs, that he has committed adultery."

"When I obtain further information I will see you again," returned the detective, as he left the lawyer's chambers.

Mr. Wrench pondered over the matter.

He sent for Mr. Slingsby, with whom he had a long consultation.

In the end it was agreed between the two that other attempts should be made before having recourse to the servant for information.

Mr. Wrench now came to the front. He watched the house in the occupation of Laura Stanbridge, and made several inquiries in the neighbourhood in a careless manner.

He ascertained by the merest accident that a charwoman was occasionally engaged by the maid-servant to clean the house and do the rough work of the establishment.

This was just the sort of person Mr. Wrench was desirous to meet with.

He had ascertained that she was known as Mrs. Mumms, that she was a widow, with a son and a daughter. The son was shopboy to a greengrocer in Jermyn Street, the daughter was in service in one of the western suburbs—Richmond or Twickenham, it was said—but there was no positive certainty as to this.

Mr. Wrench elected to try the son, to begin with. He went to the greengrocer's where he worked, and bought some fruit, had the satisfaction of seeing the lad in question, but he did not deem it advisable to make any inquiries of him at that time—he awaited a more fitting opportunity.

On the following morning he paced up and down Jermyn Street till he saw young Mumms come out with his basket on his arm.

Mr. Wrench waited till he came by his side, then he said:

"Hold hard for a moment—I want to ask you a question."

"Yes, sir," said the lad, coming to a halt.

"Do you happen to know the name Crowdace in this neighbourhood?"

"Can't say I do. What street does he live in?"

"I have been told he lives in Ryle Street."

"Don't know the name."

"Do you know the name of Stanbridge?"

"Oh, yes, I know that name. I'll show you where she lives if you want her. I shall have to pass the house."

"I don't want to see her. What I want to know is, has she a lodger with her of the name of Crowdace?"

The name of the gentleman whom the detective was inquiring for was, of course, a pure invention.

"I never heard that she had, but mother will be able to tell you; she works there occasionally."

"Is there any gentleman lodger there?"

"Well, there you bother me. She don't take no lodgers, I believe, but there is a gentleman or two there occasionally."

"Is she a married lady?"

"I don't know as she's what you might term a married lady, but still she may be for aught I know; but mother will be able to tell you more about it."

"Where does your mother live?"

"Close by here; I'll show you, if you like."

"Do—there's a good chap."

Mr. Wrench slipped a shilling into the boy's hand, for which he appeared to be duly grateful.

He took the detective to a narrow court, and halted in front of a dirty-looking house with five bell handles one above the other on the side of the doorway.

He rang the third bell, whereupon a woman, wiping the soap suds from her bare arms with her apron, made her appearance in the passage.

"Oh, your son informs me that you know Miss Stanbridge. Is that so?"

"Yes, sir, I work for her at times."

"Ah, just so. Do you happen to know if she has had a gentleman named Crowdace lodging at her house?"

The woman shook her head.

"I never heard the name before," said she.

"My object is simply this. A gentleman of that name is missing, and his friends are anxious to ascertain something about him."

"Ah, I'm sorry I can't tell you."

"Will you be kind enough to make inquiries in the neighbourhood for me? If you succeed, you will be handsomely rewarded."

"I'll do my best."

"Good. Here is a card with the name written thereon. Good morning, Mrs. Mumms."

He called again upon her; of course no such person could be found. He gave her five shillings for her trouble, and engaged her on the day as charwoman to his own establishment.

(To be continued.)

WHO KILLED
Elizabeth Camp?

Being a Special Account of the Mysterious Murder on the South Western Railway and of the hitherto unsuccessful attempts to discover the assassin.

"Out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled and her joints are stiff;
Death lies on her like an untimely frost."
—SHAKESPEARE: "Romeo & Juliet," Act IV., Sc. 5.

PART I

ONE of the early objections to the system of railway travelling, when even educated men regarded the steam-engine as an invention of the Evil One and prophesied all sorts of horrors as likely to be produced by its institution, was that outrage, robbery, and murder might be committed in the carriages of the trains with almost certain impunity. The invention of the means of communication between the passenger and the guard allayed such fears, and it must be admitted that during the sixty years of the existence of railway travelling, wonderfully few crimes have been committed on the various lines. As a matter of fact, the railroad can only claim four "Famous Crimes" of the first water, and the record is a good and encouraging one. Trains themselves will soon, I suppose, be superseded: it is left to us to devoutly hope that the new method may be as safe as was, on the whole, the old.

The four great crimes committed in railway carriages were the murder of Mr. Briggs by Franz Müller in 1864; the almost exactly similar murder of Mr. Gold by Lefroy in 1881; the doing to death of Miss Elizabeth Camp in 1897; and the killing of Mr. Pearson by George Parker in 1901. Each of these terrible crimes created an almost unparalleled sensation at the time, and the excitement and interest engendered by Lefroy's escape and dramatic recapture were only equalled by the almost painful curiosity aroused by the mysterious slaying of Miss Camp. Who killed that unfortunate woman? That question was on every lip throughout the spring and summer of 1897, and is often, in a spirit of reminiscence, asked now. I believe it is a fact that the forces of detection have not yet given up all hope of being, at some time or other, in a position to solve this apparently impenetrable mystery. At one time during the search for the murderer the police had almost succeeded in "fixing" him; his arrest was expected hourly, and a train was laid from which it was thought he could not possibly escape. But luck favoured him. The precipitation of a reporter on a certain great "daily" spoilt the cleverly-laid plans of the authorities, and the man, at once taking fright, made himself safe before any move could be made against him. I have this story on very excellent authority, and from certain other circumstances which are within my knowledge I am disposed to consider it substantially true. Taking the Camp murder case on the whole, I am inclined to regard it as one that will in the fulness of time undergo complete elucidation. The name of the man who had some strong reason for destroying this girl, who entered the railway carriage in which she sat reading with a design to murder her, and who accomplished his fell purpose with such an unusual weapon as a pestle, will ultimately be revealed to the world.

I always have taken something more than a mere impersonal interest in this strange case. I happened to have some acquaintance with and knowledge of the young barman, William Brown, who had been a sweetheart of Elizabeth Camp, and who was, indeed, engaged at one time to marry her. The engagement was broken off by mutual consent a short time before her tragic death, but the couple remained fairly good friends, and Miss Camp is known to have called at the public-house where Brown was employed a day or two before the murder. Under these circumstances the barman began to entertain fears that he might be suspected of the crime, and, on the advice of his employer, he presented himself at the nearest police-station and remained there to answer all inquiries. Investigation soon satisfied the police that, whoever else might be implicated in the foul deed, William Brown was absolutely unconnected with the crime; but two or three of the newspapers—including "The People"—unfortunately wrote of the actual "arrest" of Brown, and supplied that worthy with a very admirable case for damages. He brought an action for libel and defamation of character, obtained swinging damages, and an appeal by the newspaper only served to confirm the original estimate as to the injury done to his character. The offending journal had to part, and Mr. Brown, finding himself in the possession of funds, proceeded to dissipate them with a remarkable ease and velocity. He took a public-house in the region of St. John's Wood and gave a very elaborate supper and smoking concert on the night of his inauguration as host. I remember that he held, and often gave expression to, a very startling theory regarding the murderer of Miss Camp; but the fear of a libel action prevents me from stating here what his theory was. I have not encountered Brown for some time, but when I last met him he impressed upon me the fact that his opinion remained unchanged.

Mrs. Haynes's House.

And now with these few preliminary remarks, let me proceed to the history of this famous case.

Miss Elizabeth Annie Camp was not a very young girl at the time of her death, being exactly thirty-three years of age. Without being positively handsome, she was of decidedly pleasing appearance—a stout, healthy, good-looking woman of very agreeable manners and address—and she seems to have been remarkably popular wherever she went. When quite a young girl she had commenced to earn a livelihood as a barmaid, and for some time she was employed in that capacity at the Good Intent, a small tavern in East Street, Walworth. Later, she developed a strong liking for nursing, and was for some time engaged at the North London Hospital for Children, where she inspired much esteem and respect. In 1895 she again turned her attention to "the bar," and returned to the Good Intent as manageress for the landlord, Mr. Harris, who had just recently lost his wife. This gentleman was very many years older than Miss Camp, and she was regarded by him more in the light of a daughter than an employée. In 1896 she became acquainted with a young and respectable tradesman, a Mr. Edward Berry, who

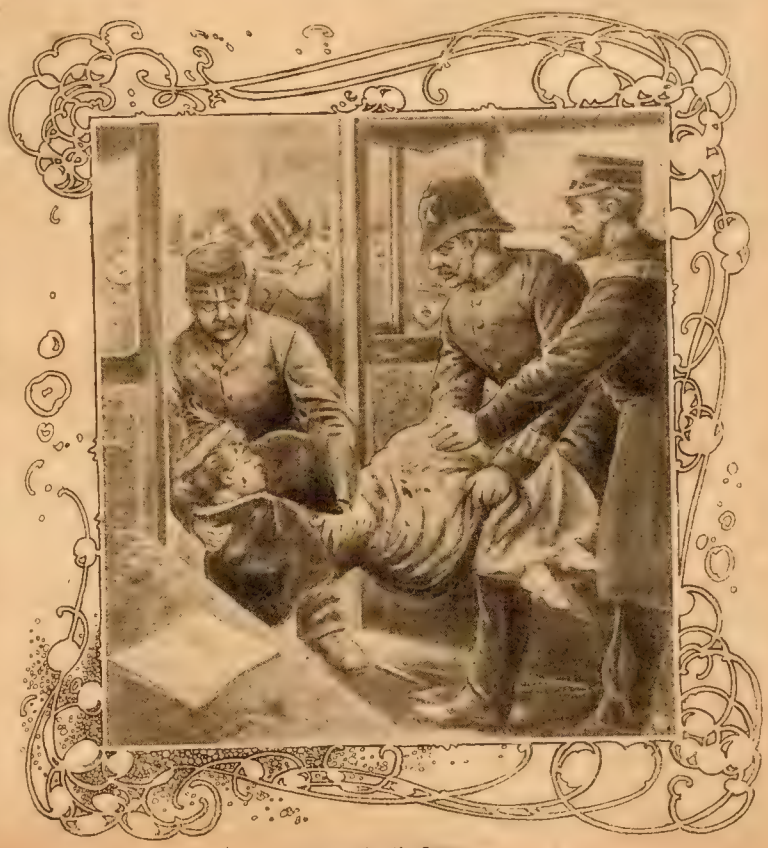
How the body was found.

kept a fruiterer's shop close by the public-house, and to whom she was to have been married in a month's time. She had saved a considerable sum of money, and was making purchases with a view to the marriage shortly before meeting with her terrible fate. As to relatives, Miss Camp's aged mother was still alive, and she had two married sisters—a Mrs. Skeats, living at Hammersmith, and a Mrs. Haynes, resident at Hounslow. She was immensely popular with all the customers using the Good Intent, men, women, and children combining to speak well of one whom one and all seemed to regard as a friend. She was charitably inclined, and always lent a willing ear to the woes of her poorer neighbours in the not too prosperous neighbourhood of East Street.

It was on Thursday, February 11, 1897, that this most sensational railway murder was committed. On the preceding day Miss Camp informed her sweetheart, Mr. Berry, that she was going for a short holiday on the ensuing day, her intention being to visit her two sisters, one of whom was to arrange the matter of the "banns" for her. At noon on the Thursday Berry again saw his future wife—as he thought and hoped—and it was arranged that he should meet the 7.42 p.m. train from Hounslow, by which she would return to Waterloo. She was in the best of health and spirits that morning, laughing and chatting with the customers, and full of the happy married life that presumably lay before her. Miss Camp's movements after she left Mr. Harris's house on her fatal half-holiday were subsequently made the subject of close inquiry by the police and were easily traced. When she started she had with her a silver-handled umbrella, a paste-diamond brooch and earrings, and a considerable sum of money in her purse, amounting, it was said, to nearly £16. She went first to Waterloo and booked for Hammersmith, arriving at the house of Mrs. Skeats at about two o'clock. She stayed about two hours with her sister, and caught the 4.15 train to Hounslow, where she called on Mrs. Haynes, another sister, with whom she remained for some time. Eventually she left to catch the 7.42 train back to Waterloo, and Mrs. Haynes walked as far as the station to see her off. Miss Camp had a second-class ticket, and was asked by her sister why she did not travel third, to which she replied, "There are fewer and better sort of people travelling by second-class." "Ah!" remarked her sister, "the third affords better protection for women." The train was a slow one, stopping at every station except Queen's Road, at very brief intervals, and the longest time between stations was the seven minutes occupied to run from Vauxhall to Waterloo. Miss Camp stepped into an empty second-class carriage, from which she was never to emerge alive.

The important question now arises between which stations did the murder take place? The fact that the victim was without a ticket when the ghastly business was discovered suggested at first the idea that her ticket had been collected at Vauxhall, and that the crime was perpetrated during the run from that station to the terminus. But it is at least probable that when the miscreant emptied her purse he took away the ticket with its other and more valuable contents. On the other hand, if the murder was committed prior to the train reaching Vauxhall, it may be asked how the ticket-collector failed to see the body stretched across the floor of the carriage? It may be presumed, however, that, seeing no one in that particular compartment as he glanced casually in at the window, he did not particularly examine it, but passed on. The weight of evidence points to the deed having been consummated before the train stopped at Vauxhall.

However that may be, the appalling discovery was, of course, made as soon as the train reached Waterloo at 8.25. A carriage-cleaner named Lee opened the door to ascertain if any evening papers had been left on the floor or seats, and immediately gave the alarm. The body was lying on its back across the floor of the carriage, her head and shoulders



Removing the Corpse.

being under the seat on one side, while her legs were stretched across so that her feet were under the opposite seat. She was then stone-dead; but it may be conjectured that in her dying agonies she had moved slightly after her assailant had fled. My reason for this supposition is that the murderer would hardly have left the body exposed to the sight and gaze of anyone who might be passing at the moment that he opened the carriage door to effect his escape. It is likely that he thrust the dying woman under the seat, and that she had moved a little before death came, as it must have done, in two or three minutes at the most. That she had been brutally murdered was only too apparent. Her forehead and skull had been shockingly battered by some heavy implement, and there had apparently been a severe if brief struggle. Blood was all over the carriage; her clothes were much torn, and her pockets had been rifled. Her purse—empty—lay near the corpse; her umbrella was broken, and the cushions were disarranged and blood-stained. Death could only have taken place a matter of moments before the body was discovered.

A curious and excited crowd instantly surrounded this scene of slaughter, and the news of the terrible tragedy spread like wildfire. A few minutes after the remains of the body had been removed to the mortuary, Mr. Edward Berry, who had come to meet his fiancée by appointment, heard of the discovery. He seems to have at once jumped to the conclusion that it was Miss Camp who had been slain, and on presenting himself at St. Thomas's Hospital he learnt that his premonition was only too true. He was terribly upset and unnerved, but on recovering somewhat from the awful shock he proceeded to Kennington Lane Police Station, and there gave all the information that was possible, and even went on to Scotland Yard, where the authorities were already preparing to track the murderer.

Struggled with the ruffian after the first blow was struck.

Ill news always has travelled fast, and it soon reached East Street and created a tremendous sensation, in which grief was the predominant note. The Good Intent was crowded to overflowing, and old Mr. Harris was quite prostrated by the sad news and his efforts to attend to customers clamouring for information and liquid sustenance. Sorrow was manifested on all sides, and the utmost detestation expressed at the crime and abhorrence of the criminal. The wildest rumours prevailed, and "clues"—all valueless—were as plentiful as blackberries in autumn. On the Friday the police took the affair systematically in hand, and the real hunt for the murderer began.

The first step was to make an exhaustive examination of the line on which the train had travelled, and an important discovery was made. A short distance from Mount Pleasant, a point on the Putney side of Wandsworth Station, a "wedgwood" pestle was found covered with blood and hair, bearing evidence of having been quite recently used as a weapon. It was a heavy instrument, in weight fifty ounces, and as it was found close to the bank of the river Wandle, it seems likely that the owner endeavoured to throw it into the water. Then came a close examination of the carriage, which I may add was ultimately taken to pieces in case any portion of a letter or a card might have been secreted somewhere within it. For a long time the carriage—a first and second-class composite—stood at the end of a siding on the north side of the station, and many passing beneath in York Road paused to look up at it. Mr. Thomas Bond and the other surgeons who conducted the post-mortem examination attended for the purpose of minutely inspecting the compartment in which the body was found, and Lee explained to them in what position he had found the victim. The impression made on the cushion by the poor woman—who had been sitting with her back to the engine on the near side of the carriage—was still visible, and deep blood-stains still told silently of the dire tragedy. Blood was traced even above the hat-rack, and on the opposite seat were the remains of a pool of blood, indicating that Miss Camp had struggled with the ruffian after the first blow had been struck.

The funeral of the victim took place on Thursday, February 18, 1897, and attracted large and sympathetic crowds to the cemetery. The coffin, of polished oak, bore the inscription: "Elizabeth Annie Camp, died February 11, 1897, aged 33," and was smothered in wreaths and flowers. The blinds of every house in East Street were down as a sign of respect to the deceased, and all the shops in the vicinity suspended business. The Reverend Mr. Hasley conducted the funeral service, taking "In the midst of life we are in death" as the text for a short address, and then the body was interred in a grave wherein already reposed the remains of the deceased's father and grandfather.

The inquest was held on Tuesday, the 16th, but only formal evidence was then given, and the coroner asked for an adjournment for a month to enable the police to prosecute the strictest inquiry. This was after Mrs. Skeats had given evidence of identification, and Lee, the carriage-cleaner, had given his account of the first finding of the body. A reward was talked of, and the solicitor representing the South Western Railway Company promised that the suggestion should be considered by the directors, who wished to express their deep sympathy with the relatives of the deceased. The company, as well as the coroner's jury, sent handsome wreaths

to be placed upon the grave of Miss Camp at Norwood Cemetery. The inquest was then formally adjourned till March 16. All this time all sorts and conditions of clues were being followed up by the police, the information—of more or less value—supplied to them becoming quite an embarras de richesse. Of these "clues" I may select three as the most worthy of consideration. The case had been put into the experienced hands of Chief-Inspector Marshall and Superintendent Robinson, who expressed every hope of being able to lay hands upon the murderer. To them was reported the fact that a man rushed from a train at Wandsworth in a great hurry, leaping down the steps four at a time and charging hurriedly into a public-house just outside the station. Several persons present noticed that his waistcoat was covered with blood, which, however, on inquiry he stated to be furniture polish. He asked these men to drink with him, and boastfully displayed some gold coins; but they declined refreshment at his expense, and, without waiting for a cab for which he had sent, the stranger suddenly left the house. This was on the night of the crime, but nothing at that time was known of the tragedy.

Leaping down the steps.

Story number two was even more circumstantial. Miss Winnicott and Miss Weston, barmaids at the Elephant and Castle tavern, just outside Vauxhall Station, spoke of a customer who obtained drink at that house at a time which fits in exactly with the theory that the murderer left the train at Vauxhall. Miss Winnicott stated that a tall man entered the house at about half-past eight and called for some brandy. He seemed to be in a very nervous and excited condition, and her attention was attracted to him by reason of the fact that he trembled so that he spilled the liquor as he lifted the glass to his mouth. He seemed about thirty-five or forty years of age, was dressed in a long, dark mackintosh with red lining and a bowler hat, and had one finger, evidently injured, tied up with a piece of rag. He was accompanied by a cabman, and, having paid for the drinks he had ordered, he entered the vehicle, which was waiting for him outside, and drove rapidly away. The two girls informed the police, who attached some importance to the incident, and the cabman was traced and interrogated as to the subsequent movements of his suspicious fare. A little later the detectives interviewed the suspect himself, and he was able to satisfy them that he was in no way connected with the crime.

Yet a third clue was known as the Clapham Junction story, and this one, too, was immediately investigated by the police, who were filled generally with an intense desire to discover the murderer, apart from any question of reward. A porter at the Junction came forward to declare that he had seen a man alight from that particular train who had his hand bound in a handkerchief. The porter made some remark as to the nature of the injury, and the stranger said that it had been jammed in the carriage door. Chief-Inspector Marshall undertook to investigate this particular incident, and was successful in running his man to earth, but only to find that he could have had nothing to do with the murder. Thus these three "important clues" vanished into thin air, and so as a matter of fact did dozens of others. Still, the police were confidently stated to be on the right track, although so many red herrings were trailed across their path by self-constituted though well-meaning detectives that the case began to bristle with difficulties. The one real and tangible clue was the blood-stained pestle, and the authorities moved heaven and earth and the waters under the earth—metaphorically—in order to find the owner of the weapon which had dealt the fatal blows. An enormous number of letters was received by the police from persons professing to have some knowledge of the pestle or being able to throw light upon the question of its ownership, and in at least one instance the information was strongly suggestive, to say the least. A pestle is an article most often used by chemists or doctors, and it was at least curious that Miss Camp, having been a nurse, should have been killed with an instrument with the uses of which she must have been perfectly familiar. It became necessary for the authorities to ascertain what friends or acquaintances the murdered woman had had amongst the medical fraternity, and whether any one of them had cause to entertain any animus against her. On the other hand, it seemed not unlikely that the motive for the murder was the merely sordid one of robbery. Miss Camp may have inadvertently shown that her purse contained a fair amount of gold; the sight may have aroused the cupidity and envy of some one rendered desperate by poverty; he may have attacked her; she may have defended herself with the umbrella found broken in the carriage, and he may have retaliated with the only weapon he happened to possess. The police, however, favoured the idea of a premeditated crime, and thought the person was rifled rather as a blind than from any other motive.

On the day of the funeral momentous news came to hand. Two arrests had been effected at Hounslow—where one of Miss Camp's sisters resided, it will be remembered—and the wildest rumours were set afloat concerning them. The men detained on suspicion were a barber named Doman and a

man named William Stone, who was a friend of Mrs. Haynes, by whom he had been introduced to the dead woman. Stone was a bachelor of about thirty years of age, of no particular occupation, and resided with Doman, who carried on a hair-dressing business in the main street of Hounslow. There appears to have been no real cause for any suspicion being directed against this man, but he was detained at the Hounslow Police Station pending inquiries, which resulted after a prolonged investigation in his discharge. Two or three other persons were detained on suspicion, but in each case were able to satisfactorily account for their proceedings at the time of the murder, and were speedily set at liberty.

Ultimately, the Wandsworth story became the object of the detectives' most serious attention. In this case the suspect had been seen and spoken to by several men who were in the public-house at the time he called, and all of them agreed that he was in an excited condition, and that his clothes bore traces of blood. The publican who had served him expressed his belief that he could identify the man if he saw him again, and tremendous efforts were made by the police to discover him. Information obtained by Detective Conquest induced that officer to pursue his search in the

The Barber's Shop at Hounslow.

neighbourhood of Reading. Arrived at the "biscuit" town, he proceeded in company with Inspector Tensley, of the local police, to a public-house kept by a Mr. Marshall. At that place they found the man for whom they had been searching in the landlord's son, a young fellow of the name of Arthur Marshall, aged twenty-five. They requested him to accompany them to the police-station, and he was detained there three days. Inquiry revealed that young Marshall was regarded as not being quite right in his head, although he seemed rational enough at times, but he had never been guilty of any act of violence, and those who knew him well scouted the idea of his being concerned in a murder. He had, however, apparently been wandering about the country for some time before the murder of Miss Camp without any palpable mission, sometimes spending as much as ten shillings a day in railway fares. On Thursday, February 11, he had been travelling in this manner in Kent and Surrey, and visited Croydon, Guildford, and New Cross, but he denied having journeyed between Hounslow and Waterloo, and said that he knew nothing of the crime. The Wandsworth publican failed to identify him out of several men paraded before him, and there being no evidence to be brought against him, Marshall was discharged late on a Sunday night, and another case of suspicion fell to the ground!

I now come to an item of information which attracted great attention, and to which considerable importance was attached at the time, although it did not lead to the identification of the murderer. Having disposed of the Reading clue, the authorities turned their attention to what became known as "the Somers Town theory," which was confidently expected to lead to a definite result. It appears that shortly after a full account of the discovery of the pestle had appeared in the daily papers, information reached Inspector Marshall at Scotland Yard that a person had been discovered who could not only identify that article, but could recognise Miss Camp. So important was this intelligence considered that all information on the subject was refused to the Press, but one newspaper representative—less discreet than his fellows—followed up the clue on his own account, and succeeded in tracing the original police informant. The original information came from a Mr. Cavanagh, of 2, Chalton Street, Somers Town. This person, who is a respectable tradesman, deals in second-hand goods of all kinds, and he declared that shortly before the murder he had sold a rather heavy pestle for a few coppers to a man who, he believed, was well acquainted with the deceased woman. The man in question was—or rather had been—a lodger of his, having stayed at his house for some fifteen months, and on one occasion, according to Mr. Cavanagh, he brought to the house a woman whom he described as his wife, to whom he had been married three weeks. She stayed the night with him, and the couple went out together the next morning after having breakfast. Now comes the strangest part of this story. Mr. Cavanagh, at the request of Inspector Marshall, went to see the body of Miss Camp at the Lambeth Mortuary, and he had no hesitation in declaring that the remains were those of the woman who had accompanied his lodger to his house on that occasion. With regard to the pestle, he stated that he had sold one to this lodger, who remarked what a capital offensive or defensive weapon it would make, and, though he was not prepared to swear that it was the same article, he was strongly of opinion that it was the very same. Mr. Cavanagh went on to say that his lodger had friends at Chicago, and that he often received letters and money from America. He described him as about thirty-two years of age, 5ft. 7½in. in height, slim in figure, and wearing a rather thick moustache inclined to "ginger." He mentioned once to Cavanagh that he could be found at any time at the Royal Albert Public-house in East Street, Walworth, and that he knew an "A1 barmaid in that neighbourhood" who had, he said, saved "a decent bit of money." Mr. Cavanagh was absolutely positive that Miss Camp was the woman who had come to his house that night, and the fact that, like the one he had sold, the pestle found on the line had been used for the purposes of gold-beating, induced him to believe it to be the same. The American used to frequent the Rising Sun public-house, in the vicinity of Mr. Cavanagh's house, and the landlady of that tavern corroborated the story of the former purchasing the pestle and of his having boasted of his friendship with an East Street barmaid.

The authorities were busily engaged in tracing this certainly suspicious personage when this information was made public, and, without being able to go into the precise details, I may mention that the man wanted vanished shortly afterwards and has not been seen or heard of since!

About this time the directors of the London and South Western Railway Company offered a reward of £200 for information that would lead to the arrest and conviction of the murderer.

In my next I shall give a full account of the proceedings at the inquest—held on March 16, 1897—and a further relation of the tremendous efforts of the police to unravel the mystery.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

Pleasure in Killing.

THE Court of Assizes of the Lot et Garonne has had a man named Jean Baroillet tried for killing his wife. He was in the act of burying her in his garden when his son came home, and, upon asking what he was doing, was told by the father that he had just killed the young man's mother and was interring her. The son immediately gave information to the police, and the criminal was arrested. At the trial he made no attempt at concealment, and as the woman was proved to have been a bad character and very violent, the jury, in finding him guilty, admitted extenuating circumstances. When the sentence condemning him to hard labour for life was pronounced he exclaimed, "Well, that is not too dear for the pleasure I had in bleeding and burying her."

Dastardly Murders and Mutiny on the "Jefferson Borden."

Heroism of Captain Patterson's Wife.

"With hair up-staring—then like reeds, not hair—
Was the first man that leap'd; cried 'Hell is empty,'
And all the devils are here."
—SHAKESPEARE, "The Tempest," Act I., Sc. 2.

NEW ORLEANS, rejoicing in the not a little poetic name of the "Crescent City," is not perhaps the most comfortable and desirable town in which to reside. The residents are, to say the least of it, somewhat "mixed," and although the wealthy number amongst them the most extravagant and "showy" people of the New World (either north or south) the other sections of society supply some of the greatest blacklegs, cut-throats, and desperadoes to be found in the universe. Although decidedly weeded, the place is bad enough to-day; but thirty years ago in some quarters it was (especially in the shipping part of the town) a perfect "hell upon earth" before which the atrocities famiar to Ratcliff Highway in the long ago would pale int insignificance. Six-shooters and razor-edged, ugly-looking knives were indispensable to the dock loafer, and the scent of stale powder smoke from the one, and black blood-stns upon the other, proved very conclusively that they wernot carried solely for the sake of ornament.

It was abot nine o'clock at night upon the 4th of March, 1875, that a number of the lowest and perhaps most villainous-looking individuals to be found in the Crescent City were assembd in a sailors' lodging-house known as "Buckley's." The room in which they sat was reeking with foul smke and the fumes of rum. As they shuffled and dealt the greasy cards and spat and cursed, it would have been difficult to have swooped down upon a more blood-thirsty crew, lost to all sense of right and wrong—living for the excitement of gambling, and working only when compelled to ship, in order to obtain the wherewithal for another carousal ashore.

Sitting alone, with his arms folded, was a man in the very prime of life, of fine physique and having the appearance of being as "hard as nails." His face was bearded and bronzed, with hard lines upon it running from the eyes, and marking the cheeks at the sides of the dilated nostrils. It was easy enough to tell at a glance that he was neither Britisher nor American, although his "pals," as they tried to awaken him from his lethargy with a smack upon the thigh and a simultaneous grip that would have torn a pound or two of flesh from an ordinary being's limb, called him George, whilst others, who regarded him perhaps with a little more fear than respect, addressed him as Miller.

That was the name he went by; but, if the truth had been known, in all probability his father would have confessed to a word to identify him consisting of some dozen syllables, all unpronounceable on account of the number of vowels and consonants indiscriminately scattered about. As a matter of fact, George Miller (who is to play a leading part in this tragedy) was a Russian Finn, a sailor, who had spent much of his time before the mast, and the remainder ashore, indulging in the most reckless dissipation and gratifying every animal passion which the brute is heir to.

On this particular night, however, Miller (for that is the name we shall adopt for him) is unusually glum until Mr. Buckley, the proprietor of the lodging-house, enters the room, and, after shouting for order three or four times, informs the company that the skipper who accompanies him needs a few hands for his schooner the "Jefferson Borden," which sails in the morning for Boston, thence to England, with oil-cakes.

At this the Russian Finn, Miller, jumps to his legs, and demands in harsh, guttural broken English to know the pay. "Twenty dollars a month, and good tack," replies the skipper of the schooner. "Goot! I ships with you tomorrow if my two old mates here comes with me," said Miller, turning to a couple of sailor chaps who sat near. A hurried consultation took place between the three men, with the result that Miller stood up and agreed that they should be aboard the schooner early on the following morning ready to sail as able-bodied seamen to Europe, and Captain Patterson (for that was the skipper's name), handing the men a paper with a description of the ship, informing them as to where she lay, and instructing them to be aboard with their kits by seven o'clock in the morning, withdrew.

The "Jefferson Borden," a three-masted schooner of 561 tons, was in readiness to weigh anchor early on March 5, and only awaited the arrival of the three hands engaged by Captain Patterson on the previous evening. She was a smart craft, and aboard of her was quite a happy family, one not often to be met with in a vessel of her class. It consisted of Captain William Patterson and his wife, who loved the sea, and invariably accompanied her husband; the first mate, Mr. Corydon E. Patterson, brother to the skipper; and the second mate, Mr. Charles H. Patterson, cousin to the above-mentioned. Besides this family quartette there were Harry Aiken, the ship's cook, an amiable young German from Bremen; Jacob Lumber, whose usual place was at the helm; and Henri Malahiende, a French youth of about eighteen years of age, who made himself generally useful, and who was a great favourite of the captain's. The full complement of the ship was made up by three able-bodied seamen, and, owing to disappointment, Captain Patterson was compelled to take what he could get at very short notice, and had therefore engaged George Miller, the Russian Finn, thirty-three years of age; John Clew, twenty, hailing from England, having been born in Nottingham; and William Smith, an American.

True to their promise, the three men arrived punctually to their time, the papers were signed, they were shown their bunks, and without loss of time the anchor was weighed, and the elegant schooner, with crowded sail and a fair wind, ploughed through the blue waters and over the golden-tipped waves, as they left the Crescent City bathed in sunshine, looking so bright and picturesque that none would have believed that such haunts of vice existed behind the walls of those handsome buildings, or that murder and robbery ran hand-in-hand in the slums of this cosmopolitan town.

The weather was lovely, and the wind so fair that the good ship "Jefferson Borden" was handled with little more difficulty than a yacht by its active and experienced crew, and the trip up to Boston was made in record time. A very limited stay was made there, and the schooner set sail within twenty-four hours after her arrival for England.

One evening, as the captain and his wife were sitting outside the cabin upon some canvas deck chairs, the skipper smoking his havanna, and the charming lady, who was his constant companion, busily engaged knitting, she dropped the work into her lap and started, turning a shade pale. There was apparently nothing to account for the disturbance, only that noiselessly, with his naked feet, the Russian Finn, Miller, had passed aft.

Turning to her husband, she said, "You know, Will, I am not a coward; but whenever I look at that man's evil face I feel a shudder pass through me. Neither am I superstitious; but, mark my words, dear, that Russian will bring evil times to our good ship, and I warn you to be on your guard."

"Nonsense, my dear!" replied Captain Patterson, as he dreamily let the blue smoke from his cheroot ascend in rings, for there was scarcely a breath of air. "Besides," he added, "look yonder where the sun's going down. We

shall have a lively time of it, if I mistake not, for as sure as we are sitting here there is stormy weather before us, and there will be plenty to do that will keep the hands hard at it without taking the trouble to upset you, my dear!"

And the skipper smoked on and his wife plied her knitting-needles as the sun disappeared as if into a molten bath of copper. Then, ruffling the waters, a breeze sprung up, and the sky seemed to be lowering as if with a great leaden weight, and threatened to touch the waves, now curling over with white crests.

As the captain prophesied, but sooner than he expected, the storm broke, and the wind blew half a hurricane. So there was plenty of work upon the schooner and little time for hatching plots or giving vent to suspicions. Day after day and night after night the wind blew, and the waves ran mountains high, till Captain Patterson—always accustomed to make light of troubles at sea—had to confess that it was about as bad as he had ever found the weather in these latitudes.

But there was a greater storm brewing for him to cope with—a storm was to sweep down upon them which he had never "logged" before, and which would be calculated to shake even his strong nerves and make him tremble for those whom he loved, if not for his own preservation.

Well on her way to England, in spite of the fearful weather, the schooner had behaved admirably, and by the third week in April she was beating up the Atlantic and within a thousand miles of her destination. Captain Patterson, on the evening of the 20th, had turned in for the night, his cousin, Charles, the second mate, taking the watch, to be followed by the skipper's brother, who had also gone to his cabin for a well-earned rest. Jacob Lumber, the Swede, was at the helm, and, considering all things, matters appeared to be pretty comfortable.

It must have been about eleven o'clock when Miller and Smith quietly slipped into the deck-house. It was a 10-ft. square building, with half a dozen bunks in it, and there the crew slept, the officers' quarters being in the stern of the ship.

Henri, the French boy, was the only occupant at this time, and he was fast asleep. As quick as lightning Miller thrust a handkerchief into the lad's mouth, and tied another over it, whilst Smith firmly bound the youth's two elbows together at the back of him. Not a sound escaped the poor, helpless victim, and he was carried by the two men to the hold, and there dropped down. Fortunately, there were some soft bags and the cargo was well up, or he would have been killed instantly. Having successfully silenced the boy, the two men were joined by John Clew, the Englishman, who was evidently in the conspiracy, and they together proceeded to where the second mate was on the look-out. "A dirty night, sir," quietly observed the Britisher; and the unsuspecting officer turned to address him. In an instant the Russian brought a capstan-bar crash upon the mate's head, and, with a groan, he fell senseless upon the deck. "Now then, lend a hand!" said Miller, and the three sailors picked up the poor fellow and threw him into the sea. With an unnatural chuckle, the Russian, whose face had a devilish expression upon it, made his way to the officers' quarters aft, bidding his two accomplices follow him, and instructing the American to be ready and strike quickly and at the right moment. Then, shaking the door of the cabin in which the first mate was sleeping, he shouted that it was eight bells, and time for his watch. With sailor-like activity, Corydon Patterson, the captain's brother, turned out of his bunk, slipped on his pilot-coat, and appeared upon deck, when a great iron bolt, carried by William Smith, was brought down upon his skull with such violence that it crashed into his brain. Another splash was heard as for an instant there was a lull in the tempest, and the second victim was disposed of.

"STAND WHERE YOU ARE, MAN!" SHE SAID TO MILLER.

Without another word (for it was quite evident that all three were perfect in their respective parts) they proceeded to the captain's cabin, and Miller, acting as spokesman as before, shouted to the skipper as he banged at the door: "For God's sake, sir, come forward! John Clew has broken his leg, and has hurt himself badly. We think he is dying!"

"Where are the officers?" demanded Captain Patterson, who was hurriedly dressing himself. "Send Mr. Corydon to me instantly!"

But the men made no answer, and at once Mrs. Patterson felt instinctively that something was amiss. "For heaven's sake, Will, stay where you are!" Then, snatching up a loaded revolver, she rushed to the door of the cabin, and threw it open. "Stand where you are, man,"

she said to Miller. "And you, Smith, fetch the mate at once!"

By this time her husband had joined her, and espying John Clew, knew that something was wrong. "Where are the mates?" he shouted. "If you move, men, an inch, I'll riddle you with the contents of this!" And he brought up to his shoulder a double-barrelled sporting gun, whilst his wife kept Miller covered with the revolver.

Step by step the three curs backed, and, when a short distance away, made a bolt of it in the darkness, the bang-bang of the gun and the crack of the revolver sounding above the sound of the waves that were lashing over the deck, for Jacob Lumber had deserted the helm and the ship was lying helpless in the trough of the sea.

In the meanwhile, the cook had joined the captain, and the brave fellow volunteered to visit the mates' quarters, returning with the information that they were nowhere to be found. It was now evident that there had been foul play; and, after a consultation, it was decided to get all the arms they had together, and remain in the cabin until daylight, trusting to Providence to spare the ship in her helpless condition.

What a night they spent! Fearful of some cowardly attack by the ruffians, they kept watch until the grey light of morning appeared, when, fortunately, the storm had abated. Then Captain Patterson, with a loaded revolver in each hand, made for the deck-house, in which the sailors slept. There, in a half-drunken state, the three men lay as he peeped through a corner of the window, and an idea occurred to him. Quickly returning, he, assisted by the cook, nailed up the cabin door, and then, firing his revolver, smashed the glass of the window and commenced a parley with the miserable wretches within. Not a word could he get from them, and he determined to resort to force of a very severe nature, but quite justifiable under the circumstances.

"George Miller, I command you to hand those weapons"—the iron bolts, the belaying-pins, and other ugly instruments they had in their possession—"through this window," said the captain. The reply was a shower of bottles, stones, and iron nuts thrown through the window; but, as might have been expected, without doing any harm to those outside.

This determined the skipper. Covering Miller with his revolver, he fired, and hit him in the leg. With a yell, the fellow uttered the most vile oaths, and hurled another bottle. Crack! went the revolver again and again, and the miserable wretch rolled over on the floor.

"John Clew," said the captain, "I command you to surrender on pain of death!" But the stubborn fellow made no answer, and a bullet hit him in the shoulder, and another entered the abdomen, and he measured his length beside his wounded companion. Again Captain Patterson urged the American, Smith, to give in; but he, like his comrades in crime, refused, and a bullet crashed into his wrist and another into his side.

There was nothing to fear from them after this, and the door was broken open and the men put into irons. Yet not a word could be got out of them as to the fate of the two mates.

The agony suffered by these miserable wretches can be better imagined than described, for the helm of the ship had to be lashed up, and she was making water fast, necessitating the constant use of the pumps. At all costs, the ship must be saved, and George Miller and Smith were induced by threats and by promises to help at the pumps, although the Russian was suffering from no less than seven bullet wounds and the American could use but one hand, his wrist being broken.

Mrs. Patterson bravely took her turn at the watch, and dressed the wounds of the miserable wretches who had brought such grief and disaster to the happy family who had sailed for so many years upon the good ship "Jefferson Borden," and all for the sake of robbery, the French boy declaring that he had heard them discussing the means of becoming possessed of the captain's money, which he carried in no inconsiderable sum, and his wife's jewellery, which was very valuable.

There is little more to tell. For eight days after the terrible night when the murders were committed the ship was navigated with the greatest difficulty, when they fell in with a Norwegian bark, which spared them one sailor, which enabled them to get into the English Channel, where assistance was procured, and a pilot being taken aboard at Beachy Head, she was navigated up the Thames, and on May 6 arrived at the London Docks, when the American Consul was at once communicated with.

Smith was able to walk ashore, but Miller and Clew had to be carried upon stretchers and taken to the hospital in charge.

Some considerable time elapsed before they were well enough to appear before Sir Thomas Henry at Bow Street, who, after hearing the evidence, granted a warrant, and under the Extradition Acts and Treaties the three men were in due course conveyed to New York, where they took their trials for murder, Miller and Smith being sentenced to death, and Clew to imprisonment for life.

Thus the careers of three of the greatest scoundrels who ever perpetrated a crime upon the high seas were brought to a close, whilst the heroic conduct of Mrs. Patterson and the bravery of her husband in doing his duty under such painful circumstances will always be remembered with pride by our American cousins when relating the terrible story of the mutiny on the "Jefferson Borden."

Leaves from Our Notebook.

His Work.

"Now," said the Governor to the forger who had just arrived at the prison, "we'll set you to work. What can you do best? What have you worked at outside?"

"Well," was the reply, "if you'll give me a couple of hours' practice on your signature, I'll sign your official papers for you."

Philip Matsell.

This notorious culprit was convicted during the summer assizes of 1806 for maliciously firing at and wounding a watchman of Birmingham, of which wound the man died, and he paid the just forfeiture of his life, Friday, August 22, to the offended laws of his country, on a scaffold erected on Sun Hill, near Birmingham. The awful scene drew an immense concourse of spectators, but by the active exertions of the police, assisted by a detachment of the King's Own Dragoons, the utmost regularity and good order were preserved. With regard to the unhappy criminal, we are sorry to state that his conduct, from the time of his being apprehended up to the fatal punishment, exhibited no sense of the heinousness of his crime nor any signs of repentance. When passing through the town to the place of execution his countenance manifested the utmost indifference, and frequently was marked with a sneering smile.

When arrived at the gallows he resisted every endeavour to draw from him a confession of his guilt, declaring that he was not the man, but that he knew who was. He refused for a long time to join in prayer with the clergyman who attended him, but at length selected one from the Communion service.

Addressing himself to his brother's wife, who was extremely distressed, he asked her roughly what she cried for; and when the executioner (who had also been condemned, but reprieved, and was much more agitated than Matsell) was fixing the rope the convict desired him to be careful how he placed it, as one side of his neck was rather sore.

The time for preparation having expired, he gave the signal by throwing up his handkerchief, and, clinching his fists with great energy, he sprang from the platform, and thus concluded the dreadful spectacle.

Replies to Queries

Stuart Jardine.—Yes, it *is* now a criminal offence.

John Lucas (Liverpool).—Robert Ray was the name of the man who was known as the "modern Jack Shepherd."

A Welsher.—The Llangibby murder occurred in 1878. Garcia killed five persons and set fire to the furniture. He was caught at Newport.

In Doubt (Warwick).—A boy named Henley, aged eight, shot his little sister at Lambeth on July 31, 1878, with a pistol. Is this the case you refer to?

James Atkinson.—We can only think that you refer to the trial of two militiamen for throwing a young girl into the canal at Leamington in the May of 1876.

Pretty Polly.—A "plank-bed" was first introduced in July, 1878, and was strongly denounced by Baron Dowse, the well-known judge, as nothing more nor less than a torture.

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